

OUR BASEBALL HEROES' SUPERB COLORED SUPPLEMENT

# THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

WITH THIS NUMBER  
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,  
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1895.

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Price 10 Cents.



SHOCKED THE PHYSICIAN.

KATE SMITH, OF GALVESTON, TEX., HAS A HEAD OF HAIR WHICH IS CHARGED WITH ELECTRICITY.





RICHARD K. FOX, . . . Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE.  
THE FOX BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING  
SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1895.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE, NEW YORK, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

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THE POLICE GAZETTE will be mailed, securely wrapped, to any address in the United States, THREE MONTHS, on receipt of ONE DOLLAR, including a Stunning SPORTING SUPPLEMENT IN COLORS EVERY MONTH, which is alone worth the subscription price.

All letters, money orders, drafts, etc., must be addressed to the Proprietor,  
RICHARD K. FOX.

**NEXT WEEK! NEXT WEEK!!**

The 25-Round Bout Between

**Tommy Ryan  
AND Billy Smith**

At the Seaside Athletic Club, May 27

**POLICE GAZETTE, No. 927,  
OUT WEDNESDAY, MAY 29th.**

The Baseball Supplement with Number 926 beats all up to date. Each month a new one. Every succeeding one yet better.

**RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher**  
The Fox Building, New York.

THE young woman with the electric hair is probably sorry for it. She shocks everybody, yet she is moral.

THIS week's supplement is worth framing. It is a work of high art.

LOOK out for a beautiful colored supplement every month.

STATE Senator Morrissey, of St. Louis, has paid the penalty. He died without one chance for his life, at the hands of a half crazed woman.

IT is well that the curse of the Northwest, known as the Pineria, has ceased to exist. Half of the horrible tales have never been told.

THE fair lassies of Trenton have the courage of their convictions. If they don't like a man they throw him out in the street and run for a rope to hang him.

IT'S the man who usually sees snakes. This time the girl gets a chance. She doesn't go to the hospital either. She kills the snake.

THE new girl is getting bolder. She doesn't want much. Only a seat in the smoking car and a light for her cigarette.

AGAIN the winner of the Brooklyn Handicap is a horse not previously regarded as likely to be first at the finish. The Messrs. Keene's Hornpipe came to the post in excellent condition, and, as he carried about a dozen pounds less weight than his chief competitors, he brought to the stretch a reserve force that landed him winner by half a length.

"WHY shouldn't I," remarked Paddy Ryan the other day, in explanation of his pretended desire to re-enter the pugilistic arena. Of course, why shouldn't he? Jake Kilrain has established a precedent for flathead 'uns, who are anxious to make an expiring effort to acquire—not honor so much as the shekels involved. Ryan's name ornaments a page or two of flathead history. It is too bad that he is not content to let well enough alone. Kilrain would have displayed much wisdom had he followed this advice.

THE aristocrats and semi-nobodies who comprise the National Sporting Club, of London, hope to enjoy the spectacle of seeing America's pugilistic champion on his knees, in an attitude of submission, offering an abject apology for something that he happened to say which didn't happen to strike them as particularly complimentary. There is not the very remotest likelihood of Corbett doing anything of the kind, however, and if Peter Jackson hangs his expectations of a match upon this fragile thread, the sooner he gives up all idea of fighting Corbett the better for his peace of mind.

## MASKS AND FACES.

**Coy Angelina Allen Prefers the  
Studio to the Stage.**

**HER CURVES ON CANVAS.**

**Dolly Hammond's Queer Experience at  
the Bargain Counter.**

**SINGER AND KICKER ARE WEDDED.**

Angelina Allen, known to her most intimate friends as "Curves," for very obvious reasons, and whose portrait was published in a recent issue of this paper, has decided temporarily to abandon the glamor and glitter of the footlights for the model's pedestal. She is going to be a model. People who ought to know have been talking about her divine shape for so long a time the lady feels that she ought to send it down to succeeding ages on canvas in its true colors. From now on she will pose for any good artist, either in the "altogether" or partly. The painters, by the way, ought to be very glad to get such a figure as the Allen has to transfer to their canvases.

She was such a cute little soubrette that she had a great many friends, and they weren't all women, either; and as she walked up Broadway she was stopped a score of times, and when she reached her flat she was crying. It's funny how things come about, and so that which happened to Dolly Hammond, who was once the angel child in *Hannele*, is worth telling. She had been shopping. She had a great nose for bargains, had Dolly, and so it happened that when she saw on the counter of a popular shop the loveliest lot of mourning handkerchiefs, it never struck her that she wasn't in mourning. The only thing she thought of was the price. And so, womanlike, she bought half a dozen.

She carried one in her hand as she perambulated up Broadway, and when she met a man whom she knew the first thing he said was:

"Hello, Dolly. Who's dead?"

"Dead?" she replied. "Nobody. Why?"



TOO GOOD FOR THE FOOTLIGHTS.

"I see you're in mourning," he went on, pointing to the handkerchief.

She thought it was funny, and she laughed as she told of her bargain, and then she continued her walk. She told the same story four times before she went a block, and then she met a young woman friend, who told her that she had done the worst thing possible, and that she wouldn't have any luck for a year.

So Dolly, with two big tears starting from her eyes, dropped her bargain mourning handkerchiefs into a friendly ash barrel, and vowed she'd never again buy anything because it was cheap.

Irene Leroy, of Joe Ott's Star Gazer Company, has taken unto herself a great, big, handsome, football-playing husband. She was married in Brooklyn very recently to David McCoach, son of a wealthy Philadelphia. Every one who knows her knows that she is a pretty little blonde, who blushing confesses to twenty

**DECIDEDLY FRENCH!**

"The Bulling Passion." A thrilling story of life in Paris. No. 16 of FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES. Richly illustrated with 33 photographic plates. Price by mail, securely wrapped, 50 cents each. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

Summers. She is slender and vivacious. She comes from Detroit, and made her first appearance with the Wilbur Opera Company. Later she sang in the chorus in Fay Templeton's company.

She was singing in "Robin Hood" two years ago when David McCoach met her in Washington.

The young man, then in his twentieth year, was hypnotized by the magic of her bright blue eyes, and since that time his heart has been in the keeping of the dainty little maid.

That the members of an orchestra don't like being sung at is occasionally made unpleasantly manifest. Miss Christine Blessing's specialty in "The Twentieth Century Girl" at the Bijou is Vanoni's song, "George," in which she has to attempt to kiss the bass viol player. The musician objected to this on the opening night, and declared that if Miss Blessing did it again he would walk out of the theatre. He said that he wasn't there to be made a laughingstock of, but to do his musical duty as well as he could. The next night the management told Miss Blessing to make the

every week for two weeks. Don't you know that it almost gave me heart disease?"

And then Bertha called on up the street like a beautiful yacht just in commission.

Miss Charlotte, who was in the Vaudeville not long ago, and who is clever enough and pretty enough to keep up with the age, rejoices in the fact that she is the only combination ballad singer and acrobatic toe dancer on the variety stage. She is a daughter of Louis Ludovist, who is now at the Garden Theatre.

It isn't generally known that Bessie Bonehill is the fond mother of a handsome boy and girl and a new baby, and the chappies who have been laying wreaths at Bessie's little feet will please read this and then retire. Miss Bonehill has a son who is 13 years old and a daughter who is 11, and a dear, delightful dumpling of a peaches and cream baby-in-arms.

The beauty of the new Gaiety Girl Company

is dark-haired Dolly Kirsch. Her's is a sort of stately beauty, better for the drawing-room than for the stage. When it comes to stage looks, there are no end of folks who say they like the Fraser sisters the best, because they are such slender, graceful dancers, and because they look in their bathing suits like true nymphs of the sea. Margaret Fraser gives the same dance that Cissy Fitzgerald did, commencing with a slow swaying of the skirts and ending with a lively can-can. Miss Fraser has not Cissy's wicked wink, but she is a better dancer. There is one trick at which she is particularly adept, and it is the slow bending of the knee in the air, followed by a kick, a specialty of Sylvia Grey's, that the new dancer scarcely yet equals. But she has genuine grace, and that is by no means the same as persevering vehemence. If she could only look as wicked as Cissy did when she knelt at the front of the stage and heard the can-can music, there would be nothing lacking; but unfortunately Miss Fraser can only look pretty; she can't look wicked; so Cissy's place is not filled.

Miss Estelle Clayton's comic opera, "The Viking," did not put in an appearance in Newark, N. J., as was expected. Sixteen chorus girls were there, however, and they didn't have money enough to get home so there was a great hustling for coin.

Some of the girls had jewelry, which they were not slow in disposing of temporarily, in order that they would not have to tramp the eight miles of ties which lay between them and their meal tickets in Gotham town.

Mrs. Locke, who is one of the "Daily Hints From Paris" in Ed. Rice's "1492" company, while in Newark recently was approached by a man on Broad street, who, after leering into her face, said:

"Ha, hello, 1492?"

Mrs. Locke's husband, who was a few feet away, came to the rescue of his wife, and brought his cane down on the masher's head. Then Mrs. Locke went into hysterics, while the Newark man was taken to the hospital.

**CLARA SIMONDS AND KITTY WELLS.**

[WITH PORTRAITS.]

There are, perhaps, no two better exponents of burlesque art than Miss Simonds and Miss Wells. Both are artists, who have only reached that much desired pinnacle of success after hard work. For years Miss Wells was the leading character with May Howard's Burlesque Company. At present Clara Simonds is with Leavitt's Rents-Santley troupe.

**ALFRED F. MATHY AND ADOLPH ASCH.**

[WITH PORTRAITS.]

These two Indianapolis policemen, Alfred F. Mathy and Adolph Asch, are known as the "French Partners." Mathy was born in France, and when he first came to this country was a hotel chef. Asch was also born in France, and, besides arresting several notorious burglars, gained considerable notoriety by arresting Coxey's Army when the tramp soldiers were marauding the suburban districts. He brought in twenty-six of the men single-handed. To these men belong the credit of working and raiding the notorious Ventnor Block dives, when they captured De Witt Nay, Chas. Smith, Sam Green, Martin Wells and Len Gordon.

**MOBBED BY ANGRY GIRLS.**

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The girl weavers employed in the mills of Trenton, N. J., know what they want and what they like. William McGregor, who was an overseer in one of the mills, was very popular with them, and when he was removed and a man from Philadelphia was brought in to take his place, they objected. They didn't confine their objections to words either, but they made a rush for the new man and hustled him outside in a hurry, pulling his whiskers on the way in order to show they meant business.

They got hold of a rope and tried to put it around his neck, but he broke and ran away.

**THREE FISTIC PICTURES!**

Corbett and Jackson, Corbett and Mitchell, and Corbett and Fitzsimmons in Fighting Costume. Magnificent twelve-colored Chromo Lithographs, 16x22 inches. Suitable for framing. mailed to your address in a tube. Price 10 cents each or all three for 25 cents. Every Saloon, Cafe and Tonsorial Parlor should have one. Address RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

drummer the object of affection. He also raised vehement objections, and on the night after that it was found necessary to put Stage Manager Standish in the orchestra, made up as a musician. There doesn't seem to be very much gallantry in the orchestra.

Maggie Cline, the only Madge, the Brunhilde of the Bowery, and the lady with the baritone voice, thinks she will go to Europe some time this season, when the pavements are red hot, and take a look in at the English music halls.

Cissy Fitzgerald, our new Cissy with the adorable kick and with the fetching wink, has taken to bicycling, and she is walking just a trifle lame these days, but she has the satisfaction of knowing that she is slowly but surely learning the art of steering and balancing.

"I had a funny experience when I was with that snap company," said Bertha Livingston, the other day, as she paused on Broadway long enough to speak to an acquaintance.

"What was that?" asked her friend.

"Why, the management gave us our salary regularly



## UNSOLICITED COMPLIMENTS

Praise for the Richard K. Fox  
Publishing House.

## ENCOMIUMS FROM EUROPE.

Growth of one of the Finest Printing  
Houses in the Country.

It would take columns of the POLICE GAZETTE to record in the briefest manner possible the steady up-

ward growth of the Richard K. Fox Printing and Publishing House; to begin at the beginning, and show how the establishment, founded on the rock of business integrity and honest endeavor, has grown gradually, year by year, to its present mammoth proportions, until now it stands at the head of the trade, famed for its artistic work. From every known country on the face of the globe come orders of work, and words in every tongue tell of the satisfaction with which the products of the printing presses are received.

Space is too confined to tell of work done for firms and attractions, but among those who are prominent in the theatrical world, and out of it, are:

Barnum & Bailey Circus, Cody & Sallsbury's Attractions, National Advertising Service, O. J. Gude, Heckers, Carter Medicine Co., American Billposting Association, Harry Munson, Excelsior Publishing Co., Morning Journal Pub. Co., Chicago Tribune Pub. Co., Monumental Pub. Co., Sweet Music Pub. Co., Jefferson, Klaw & Erlanger's Attractions, A. Y. Pearson's Attractions, W. A. Brady's Attractions, George H. Hubers Enterprises and hundreds of others.

From a great mass of testimony, both printed and written, there have been taken at random a few specimen extracts, which will serve to show, just as an acute thermometer records the weather, how steady has been the growth of this mammoth establishment:

In speaking of Mr. Richard K. Fox, in an article which takes up more than a page of the St. Augustine, Fla., News, the writer says:

"The enormous liberality of Mr. Fox with regard to all the interests of sports in America; his invariable readiness to testify by his money, as well as through his papers, to his sincere devotion to the great field of muscular manhood, and his adamant resolution to compel the recognition of the noblest forms of athletics against the puny carplings of fanaticism, have given him the distinguished place in connection with American sports which the Prince de Sagan occupies in France, and the Marquis of Queensberry in England. In all that concerns gentlemanly and manly sports Richard K. Fox is to-day the supreme figure upon the Western continent. Richard K. Fox was born in Belfast, Ireland, in the year 1846, commingled Scotch and Irish parentage, which has contributed so much to American enterprise and energy."

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., April 15, 1895.

RICHARD K. FOX:

Dear Sir:—Your illustrated souvenir of the Richard K. Fox Printing and Publishing House came to hand in the mail this morning. I am very much pleased with it and I have given it a conspicuous place in my office.

FRANK W. HAWTHORNE.

RYMER'S OLD BOOK STORE,

DENVER, Col., April 26, 1895.

RICHARD K. FOX, PUBLISHER POLICE GAZETTE:

Dear Sir:—We send you a letter signed by the leading dealers here, to the effect that your paper sells far ahead of any paper of its class, barring none. We shall dis-

tribute your advertising matter among those people who appreciate a good sporting paper.

Yours very truly,

F. S. HYMER.

ATHAVALLIE, CASTLEBAR,  
Ireland, April 25, 1895.

DEAR MR. FOX:

I have recently come across some specimens of printing which bear the imprint of your house and I must say they are most excellent. I see the GAZETTE regularly and it seems to me to be very much improved of late.

Sincerely yours,

HENRY LYNCH BLOOMER, Bart.

BELFAST EVENING TELEGRAPH.

BELFAST, Ireland, April 4, 1895.

RICHARD K. FOX, Esq.:

Dear Sir:—While at the Empire Music Hall, the other evening, Prof. James Finney, the champion swimming performer, in introducing himself, referred to the winning of one of your huge gold medals, which was presented by yourself personally to him in London. Finney met with an accident, as the tank smashed, and down went the water on the stage, right through to the

gotten up. It shows good judgment and taste, is well printed, and, in fact, a first-class piece of work throughout.

I sincerely hope it may bring you considerable new business. Thanking you again for the "Easter" greeting, I am, very sincerely,

FRANK F. RAYMOND.

The POLICE GAZETTE has issued a vest pocket schedule, in covers, of the National League games.—*New York Daily News*.

E. OWEN & SONS,  
Fanciers, Breeders and Purveyors.

LLANDUDNO, Wales, May 3, 1895.

MR. RICHARD K. FOX:

Dear Sir:—Many thanks for your illustrated catalogue, which is most beautifully arranged and printed. I have shown it to everyone here, and all say it is the best work they have ever seen.

Yours very truly,

WILLIE OWEN.

The Richard K. Fox printing and Publishing House, Franklin Square, New York, has issued a sixteen-page

sample copies of which we have seen in Yokohama and other cities in Japan and which we admire very much. We are, dear sir, yours very truly,

HIRANO, ICHIRO & CO.,  
I. Hirano.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., May 2.

MR. RICHARD K. FOX:

Dear Sir:—Please send me the POLICE GAZETTE for five years from date, for which find check enclosed.

Very truly yours,

B. PARKER,  
4215 Chester Avenue.

ELECTRIC LIGHT ENGRAVING CO.,  
Cor. Ross and New Chambers Streets.

NEW YORK, April 11, 1895.

THE MORNING JOURNAL:

Dear Sir:—We are in receipt of the advance sheets of your half-tone supplement, and thank you for your courtesy. Being indirectly interested in the publication, as makers of the plates, we wish to express our admiration of the very high excellence you have obtained in the

printing of the same, due not only to the character of the former, but, as we understand the editions are printed from electrotypes, praise must be given to the manner in which they were handled, and last, but not least, to the high class of press work, equalling, as it does, many of our best magazine productions. For newspaper work, we have no hesitancy in saying it is the best that ever came under our observation, and we sincerely congratulate you, and hope you will meet with the success you deserve in your enterprise. Respectfully yours,  
ELECTRIC LIGHT ENGRAVING CO.  
CHARLES A. BRECK.  
[The press work of the Morning Journal supplement which has been so universally commended, was executed by the Richard K. Fox Publishing and Printing House, at Franklin Square, New York.]

PARIS, March 28, 1895

MR. RICHARD K. FOX:

Dear Sir:—I have come across an article in an American magazine which tells of you and your establishment, and it has interested me more than I can tell you, particularly the very faithful portrait of yourself and the highly eulogistic tone of the article. I have seen your catalogue, and I think it one of the finest specimens of printing that has ever come across the water to us. It is beautiful. Permit me to remain.

Yours sincerely,  
EDMOND PLAUCHET,  
Journalist.

MR. RICHARD K. FOX, New York, whose almost fabulous success in the printing world we have often alluded to, has forwarded to us a menologio of his mammoth establishment in Franklin Square in that city. The first page has a front view of the fine edifice, seven stories in height, known as "Fox Buildings," and the other pages are devoted to engravings of the offices, artists', managers', and superintendents' departments, engine-room, press-room, composing-rooms, engraving-rooms, job press-room, binding department, mailing and shipping departments, &c. The engravings are very fine and the paper and printing of a very high class of work, the whole pamphlet being an exquisite illustration of the variety and completeness of Mr. Fox's establishment, which is a credit to him and his country. Down, to which he belongs, and towards County Down, Ireland.

MUSEUM AND ZOO:

ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA., April 1, 1895.

MR. RICHARD K. FOX:

Dear Sir:—The POLICE GAZETTE is a very fine right. The picture is excellent. I have sent copies of the POLICE GAZETTE to all of my friends. Yours very kindly,

JOHN VEDDERT, Proprietor.

It will just fit in your pocket, and it is a beautiful specimen of the work of a high-grade establishment. Besides, it is sent to you free, if you enclose a 2-cent stamp for postage. It is the baseball schedule for 1895.



THE RICHARD K. FOX PUBLISHING, LITHOGRAPHING AND PRINTING HOUSE, FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.

bar below, nearly drowning the bar-maids and his company. Yours very truly,

ROBERT H. H. BAIRD.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., April 29, 1895.

MR. RICHARD K. FOX:

Dear Sir:—I wish to thank you for the handsome manner in which you published my picture. Your artist has excelled anything I have ever seen in the line of giving a sharp and complete likeness from a very poor photograph. I am sending a great many POLICE GAZETTES. Respectfully yours,

O. SACKETT.

523 BEACON STREET.

BOSTON, Mass., April 15, 1895.

DEAR MR. FOX:

Please accept my thanks for the handsome and artistically printed catalogue. I notice, further, that you addressed it personally. I always appreciate these compliments from you. The catalogue is most happily

Perhaps you have never seen our catalogue in colors. It is sent to you free, if you enclose a 2-cent stamp to cover postage. You cannot afford to miss it.

circular, 10 by 13 inches, oblong, illustrated with numerous half-tone engravings and printed in colors, describing the extent and capabilities of the house for executing printing and bookmaking of every description. The composition is admirable and very artistic, and the press work faultless.—*Inland Printer*, April, 1895.

RICHARD K. FOX has done more to elevate sporting contests than any one in the whole country. His publications are known in every hamlet of this continent, as well as in all parts of the globe. [Extract from an article published in the Savannah, Ga., *Bulletin*]

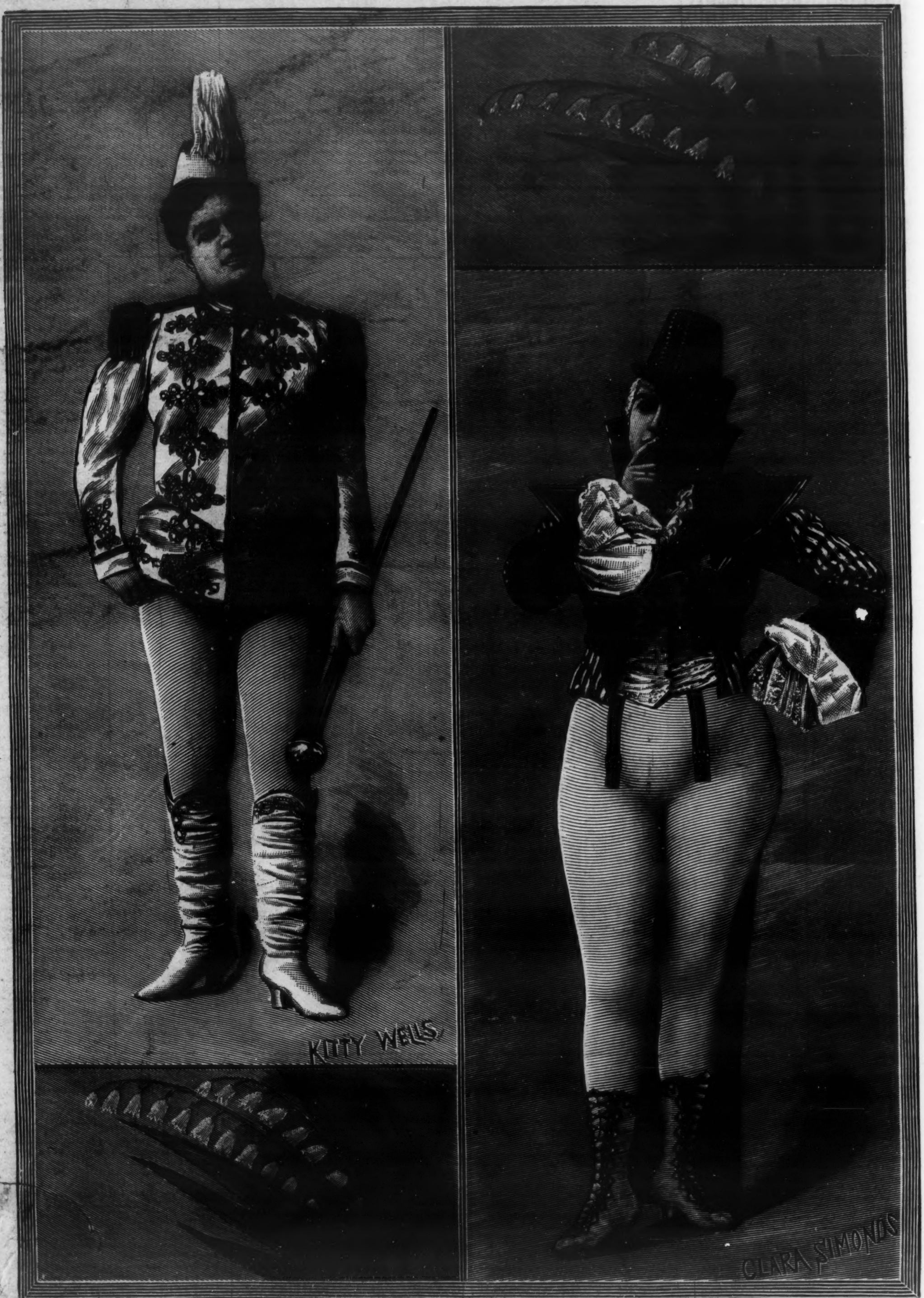
HIRANO, ICHIRO & CO.,  
Manufacturers and Agents.

YOKOHAMA, April 18, 1895.

TO THE MANAGER OF THE POLICE GAZETTE:

Dear Sir:—Can you kindly send us the names of American, European and Mexican dealers in Japanese goods in the City of Mexico and other towns in that country. We apply to you for this information because we have been informed that your house is a thoroughly reliable one. We also desire to subscribe for your paper,





CLARA SIMONDS AND KITTY WELLS.

TWIN STARS OF THE BURLESQUE HEAVEN, KNOWN FROM COAST TO COAST FOR THEIR BRILLIANCY.





BEAUTIFUL KNIGHTS OF THE RAZOR.

SHAVING BY HANDSOME YOUNG WOMEN PROVES A STRONG ATTRACTION AT ONE OF GOTHAM'S MUSEUMS.



SLAIN BY HIS MISTRESS.

STATE SENATOR P. R. MORRISSEY KILLED BY MAUD LEWIS, KEEPER OF A DISORDERLY HOUSE IN ST. LOUIS, MO.



# EXTRA!

## TOO EASY FOR MAHER.

Settles Marshall's Claim to Fistic Prominence in 45 Seconds.

## ANOTHER BRITISH DUFFER.

Dan Creedon Knocked Joe Dunfee Out in Two Rounds.

## LYONS BESTED HAUGH IN TEN ROUNDS

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

ATLANTIC ATHLETIC CLUB, Coney Island, May 20.

The value of a fictitious reputation was established here to-night when Peter Maher settled the pugilistic claims of a certain Bob Marshall in exactly forty-five seconds. The affair was advertised to be one of the sensational fistic events of the year; and eight thousand dead game sports paid all sorts of extravagant prices to participate in the festivities. That they were disappointed, goes without an argument. All they saw was a fairly clever ten-round bout by a couple of third rate featherweight lads, which ended very unsatisfactorily. Two rounds of another, between a badly matched pair, Dan Creedon of Australia and Joe Dunfee of Syracuse, which ended in the latter being knocked out before the expiration of two rounds; and for a piece de resistance, the defeat of one of the rankest counterfeits that ever stepped into a ring.

Whatever justified Bob Marshall in posing as a fighter will ever remain a mystery. All that is known of him is, that he had been working as a butcher on one of the transatlantic liners. Charley Norton of Newark was responsible for the fictitious eminence he attained in the fistic world.

Norton, one fine day about a month ago, toted his bubble around to the various New York newspaper offices and began extolling his virtues in a manner that would have excited the envy of the most accomplished showman. He told the gullible scribes about the fistic cleverness of his new find; dwelt at an interminable length upon his private fights in England and told, with the most brazen effrontery, that Charley Mitchell looked upon him as the cleverest big man that England had turned out since the days of Jem Mace. This was all duly chronicled in the daily newspapers, but the POLICE GAZETTE declined to recognize Marshall in the capacity of a fighter, but sized him up at his true value, a "stiff" of the worst kind. On the strength of the twaddle that was published about the Englishman, however, Norton succeeded in "conning" the match-maker of the Atlantic Club into arranging a match with Peter Maher. The bait was tempting, the suckers bit, and the result was 8,000 enraged men, who felt that they had been buncoed. Marshall knew absolutely nothing about the science of boxing. He stood in the centre of the ring like a big "dub," and let Maher knock him about at will. He never once made even the semblance of an effort to hit the Irishman, and after he had been knocked off his feet three times within the space of thirty seconds, and thoroughly demonstrated his uselessness, the police officials humanely interfered and ordered the bout stopped, to avoid what would positively have been a knock-out.

Had this been the only disappointment of the night, the management might have been forgiven; but following right atop of Joe Dunfee's knock-out, made things doubly worse. The Syracuse lad was a disappointment of the most pronounced kind. Unlike Marshall, he had a record, enviable or otherwise. He had been against the game for several years, and was rated as a clever boxer, a good two-handed, stiff puncher, and game to the core. In front of a man of his own calibre I dare say that he would have made an enviable showing, but he let his pretensions run away with his judgment when he agreed to go against such an admittedly good man as Creedon. The latter simply toyed with the Syracusean until he got the chance to settle him, and, quick to take advantage of his opportunity, he put the "auctioneer" upon the spot where it would do the most effective work, and Joe Dunfee and his aspirations sailed away into pugilistic oblivion together.

At the ring side were many sporting notables, conspicuous among them being:

Champion James J. Corbett and his ubiquitous manager, W. A. Brady, Harry Neagle, Billy Fleschman, Dick Roche, "Parson" Davies, Joe Choyinski, Dr. Jennings, Max Hirsch, Harry Stout, Charles J. Hervey, Jim Smith, of Shenandoah, Pa., Maurice Barrymore, E. E. Kidder, Fred Tatal, Sammy Doggett, Billy Dubois, Paddy Ryan, Jim Kennedy, Jack Adler, Jerry Roche, Jerry Mahoney, Ed. Kearney, Joe Vendig, Jake Shipsey, Bob Pinkerton, Barney Aaron, Senator Tim Sullivan, Barney Williams, Warren Lewis, Charley Sagel, Alf Lakeland, Frank Creamer, Dick Toner, Police Inspector McLaughlin, A. E. Erlanger, F. W. Livingston, Geo. Engeman, Con McAniff, Benny Murphy, Jim Lavelle, Johnny White, Martin Dowling, Dick Bennett, Charley Deacon, Geo. Tiddin, Bat Masterson, of Denver, Col., M. Downing, Geo. Lovell, Martin Cowan, Yank Sullivan, of Syracuse, A. F. Batchelder, of Buffalo, ex-Senator McCarren, Pete Downey, Bud Ellis, Tommy Rush, Jack McAuliffe, Billy West, Sam Fitzpatrick.

The bout between Marshall and Maher, which was to have been of twenty-five rounds duration, was the last event on the programme. The Englishman was the first to step between the ropes, and the sports eyed him in a critical manner as he took his seat in the corner and prepared to commit pugilistic suicide. He must have weighed in the neighborhood of 190 pounds, and, with a clean shaven face, looked not unlike John L.

Sullivan—apologies to the latter are in order. He wore dark blue knee lights. He was seconded by Charley Norton, Mick Dunn and John Dolan.

No time was lost in preliminaries. Referee Eckhardt ordered them to shake hands; the gong sounded, and Peter walked over and swatted the big Englishman on the face, knocking him over. As soon as he arose, bang he went at his dazed opponent again and planted his right and left on each side of his head. Down he went. Marshall now for the first time appreciating his uselessness, arose, but Maher gave him no time to think about it, but a stiff left on the chin, brought the big duffer to his knees, and seeing it useless to let the affair proceed further, the police ordered the bout stopped, and Eckhardt pronounced Maher the winner.

The introductory bout of the evening was between two local favorites, Dolly Lyons and Mazy Haugh. They fought ten rounds at 115 pounds. Lyons was attended in the ring by Mick Dunn, of Australia, Paul McCarthy and Lew Green. Haugh was escorted by Tommy Carroll and Hugh Winters. The boys put up a clever bout. For three rounds Lyons did most of the leading and landed some effective punches, his opponent countering well, but his blows had very little damaging quality. The latter began to cut loose in the fourth round, using a clever left hand very effectively. He delivered four straight hard punches without a return, one of which landed on Lyons' left eye, and in a second it was swollen to such an extent as to be useless. Haugh was lacking in generalship, however, and failed to follow up his advantage. In the fifth and sixth rounds Haugh demonstrated that he had been "pulling." He went to work like an artist and bothered the Bowers boy by the rapidity of his leads. Lyons tried to even up matters, but his opponent showed his ability to fight well at short range, too; and after Lyons got two or three stiff raps over the heart, he was willing enough to stand off and fight clever.



CREEDON'S BLOW THAT KNOCKED DUNFEE OUT IN TWO ROUNDS.

Haugh began to tire in the eighth round, and Lyons took the lead and won the favor of the spectators by landing stiff right and left handers on his opponent's face and body. One punch reached Haugh's left eye and did some damage. In the ninth round Lyons improved his chances by outfighting his opponent at every point. The tenth round was a "corker." Each boy felt that he only had a chance; and the fighting became fast and the exchanges rapid. Lyons landed a hard one on Haugh's wind, and repeated it a second later. Lyons followed his opponent into his corner and punched him clean and hard. Haugh's mouth began to bleed as the gong sounded. Referee Eckhardt gave his decision in Lyons' favor.

Joe Dunfee's appearance in the ring was the signal for prolonged applause. It was the first important engagement he has had since he fought Jack Donovan in Syracuse, an event that had a sad sequel in the death of the latter. Dunfee was accompanied in the ring by Hoboken Tommy Kelly, Alf Hanlon and Frank Bosworth.

Dan Creedon was not long in following Dunfee. Creedon was looked after by Jim Hall, Mick Dunn and Bat Masterson, of Denver.

After a short delay, the gong sounded for hostilities to begin. As they stood together Creedon appeared to have a lot the advantage, weighing close to 160 pounds. Dunfee was light in construction beside his burly antagonist. The first round the two men devoted to feeling each other out. Creedon, putting in two or three light taps whenever he wanted to lead, demonstrated his superior cleverness. In the second round Creedon took the initiative and punched and clouted the Syracuse lad at will. After two minutes of light fibbing, he landed a straight left on Dunfee's nose which dazed him. Creedon followed this up with a swinging left on the chin, which put Dunfee on his back. When he arose the Australian measured his man very carefully, and one left-hand blow swung on the point of the jaw ended the Syracuse lad's aspirations. He was knocked out. Time of the round, 2 minutes 7 seconds. They were to have fought 10 rounds.

## LOOK OUT FOR THIS FRAUD!

One Hundred Dollars Reward will be paid for the arrest and conviction of D. O. Shaw, who is fraudulently soliciting subscriptions for the Police Gazette. When last heard of he was working Texas. Send information to RICHARD E. FOX, Franklin Square, New York City.

## SLAIN BY HIS MISTRESS.

State Senator Peter Morrissey, of St. Louis, the Victim.

## HE WAS SHOT BY MAUD LEWIS.

His Attentions to Her were Waning, and She was Jealous of Him.

## KILLED WHILE HE WAS ASLEEP.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Killed by his jealous mistress! Such an old, old story, but always with a new phase to it. It always ends the same, however, just as it always begins the same, with love and infatuation. It runs the gamut of the passions until jealousy is reached, and then the end is very near.

The latest victim is State Senator Peter R. Morrissey, one of the best known as well as one of the wealthiest Democratic politicians in Missouri, who met his death in St. Louis. The woman who shot him is Maud Lewis,

being a large and extremely muscular woman, it required the combined efforts of several officers to handle her. She was hysterical and apparently insane, and it was deemed best to send her to the City Hospital, where she was chained to a cot.

## AMERICA'S FAMOUS CHAMPIONS.

[WITH PORTRAITS.]

Plans are rapidly being completed for the international games between the New York and London Athletic Clubs in this city next September. It will no doubt give field contests a much needed boom in this country. No little interest is being shown in the coming struggle, and the Englishmen are sure to receive a strong welcome. The team on which the New York A. C. will rely, while not officially decided upon, will be a most formidable one. It will likely have at least six champions of the Amateur Athletic Union. Every member is an athlete of note, and if the Londoners win it will be a surprise to the Mercury-foot men. In the sprints, Champion Tommy Lee will be the American representative. Kilpatrick, who stands at the head of one-quarter-mile runners, will try to carry the New York A. C. colors to victory in the 440-yard event. Champion Chase will run in the hurdles, while E. C. Carter and Tommy Conneff will likely be selected as distance runners. The club feels very safe in the weights with such giants as James Mitchell and George Gray to represent it. All in all, a stronger team than this would be hard to make up.

## BEAUTIFUL KNIGHTS OF THE RAZOR.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A dozen handsome young women, all of whom are experts in shaving, have been for some weeks past a strong drawing card in Huber's Fourteenth Street Museum, New York City. They are under the management of Mr. Joseph M. Jacobs, and at every performance they shave free the first comers. There is nothing so dainty as the way in which a good-looking woman handles a razor, and so these shavers have made a decided hit.

## SMOKED LIKE A MAN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

It was a Brooklyn young woman who startled and astounded the occupants of the smoking car of the Kings County road recently by settling herself comfortably in one of the seats and asking the nearest man for a match with which to light the cigarette she held daintily between her thumb and forefinger. She was young, handsome and fashionably attired, and when she had lighted the composition of paper and tobacco, she smoked with great gusto.

The guard was so paralyzed with astonishment that he forgot to call out the next station, but the young woman was as composed as if she were sitting in her own apartment.

## SHOCKED THE PHYSICIAN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

It was not a very pleasant experience which Miss Katie Smith, of Galveston, Tex., had recently when a young physician called to see why it was her hair always crackled so, and it wasn't very pleasant for the doctor, for he had no sooner taken a look of her tresses in his hand than he received a shock which sent him reeling and staggering to the opposite side of the room.

The young woman is twenty-one years old, and she is very handsome.

## RICHARD D. PLUNKETT.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Richard D. Plunkett was born Aug. 19, 1857, at Belfast, Ireland. He came to America fifteen years ago, and located in Colorado. His weight is 238 pounds, and he is as active as a cat. When Creedon became so tough no one could control it. "Honest Dick," as he was called, accepted the position of Marshal, and held the wild element in check. He had made a record as special constable of Cortez, Col., prior to his election as Marshal of Creedon, and was re-elected time and again. In these various positions as peace officer among the toughest desperadoes of the West, Dick Plunkett never used a gun, but always got the man he went after. At the opening of the Cherokee Strip he located in Perry, Okla., and is now engaged in organizing an athletic association to encourage the manly art. He is a decided gentleman, and his time is largely called on by his numerous friends as referee, stakeholder and judge. His pleasant disposition makes him a general favorite among all classes, and he is a power in politics, as well as in the sporting circle.

## BILLY GRATTON.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

As a singer of popular ballads and as a comedian, Billy Gratton stands pre-eminent. He is a Philadelphian and was at one time with McCabe and Young's Colored Minstrels. He is now in Florida with his own company. A Jacksonville paper says he is the best comedian who ever visited that city, and that his work as a comedian is as fine and clean as the performance of better known artists. During the season he is at the Ponce de Leon Hotel in St. Augustine, Fla., and many a tourist stopping awhile in that delightful resort has had the pleasure of hearing his wonderful voice.

## FAINTED IN THE COURT-ROOM.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A sensation was introduced in the murder trial of the American Twins, Harry and Dallas Hyams, who are on trial before a Toronto, Quebec, Court, charged with the murder, for the purpose of obtaining his life insurance, of Willie Wells. It is alleged that they dropped a 200-pound elevator weight upon him. A few months after Wells' death Harry Hyams married his sister, Miss Wells. She has been induced to take the stand to testify against him. When she was sworn the court-room was crowded to its utmost capacity. Mrs. Hyams was sworn and the taking of her testimony began. Suddenly she looked up and saw her husband, one of the prisoners, standing erect in the dock, facing her. Their glances met and both turned deadly pale. She managed to murmur:

"Oh, Harry, Harry!"

Then she lurched forward and fell in a dead faint before the astonished Court.

It took twenty minutes to bring her to consciousness.

## SPARKLES WITH SPICE!

A She Devil. No. 12 of FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES. Translated from the French. Exciting text and 11 pleasant illustrations. Sent by mail, securely wrapped on receipt of price, 50 cents. Address RICHARD E. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

The shots were heard by Patrolmen Donnelly and Moore, who had seen Morrissey and his party enter the house. They were trying to locate the shooting when Lillian Moss ran up to them at the corner of Elliott and Wash street, and told them that Maud had killed Morrissey. They went to the house just in time to prevent Albert Andrews, the house porter, from leaving. He was intensely excited, and could give no intelligent account of the tragedy for some time. The policemen notified Chief Reedy at once, and he went in person to the scene of the tragedy. He questioned everybody in the house, and as a result sent Maud Lewis to the Four Courts. She resisted violently, and



## PEEPS BEHIND THE SCENES.

Easy Times of a Handsome St. Louis Messenger.

AT HOME IN A BOUDOIR.

Detroit is in Possession of a Man with Seven Helpmeets.

RUN DOWN BY A BROOKLYN WOMAN.

What an inventive genius the average woman is! Take the case of a St. Louis lady, for instance, whose husband was so busily occupied that he had no time whatever to escort her about town. It doesn't make any difference in this story what he was occupied about, but the rumor goes that other women than his wife proved more captivating. She was a sensible woman herself, and she didn't propose to take any chances in the divorce courts, so she went forth and hired a messenger boy—a handsome, bright lad of eighteen years. She made an arrangement with the company so that the youth was at her disposal all day and all night, if necessary, and when he reported for duty it was always at her house.

Just now there are a great many gilded young men about town who would like the job, but the messenger boy seems quite good enough, and then, besides, he has such a childish, innocent face. He goes shopping with her; they go to the theatre together, then sup at the same table afterwards; they ride together and in the evening she takes his arm.

It is rumored, too, that he performs little offices for her in her boudoir, such as removing her shoes and brushing her hair.

And the husband?

Well, he is quite powerless, for it would be too absurd to call a messenger boy into a divorce case as a co-respondent.

Detroit has the star bigamist just now in the person of Andrew Anderson, one of the smoothest gentlemen who ever popped the question to coy widow or blushing maiden, and whose matrimonial relations extend over four States of this country and as far as Great Britain.

His present trouble is entirely due to a Brooklyn woman, a Miss Tomlinson, the only daughter of a respectable Brooklyn man, who was married to Anderson a little less than twelve years ago in Brooklyn. It appears that Anderson met Miss Tomlinson, and she knew nothing of his antecedents or what was his special claim for social favoritism in the circles in which she moved. She was known to have \$12,000 in her own right, and to her penniless Anderson paid devoted attention, and they were wedded.

Miss Tomlinson, who then believed herself a genuine bride, gave him \$1,000 to start business. The business "did not pay," and he inveigled \$2,500 more out of her, and they came West. Then he induced her to deposit her money in a safe deposit vault. By a sleight-of-hand trick he deposited a lot of worthless paper in the box, and put Miss Tomlinson's money away in his pocket. Shortly afterward he disappeared.

Miss Tomlinson traced him all over this country, and finally to Ireland, where she learned he had a previous wife. The first Mrs. Anderson was induced to come to America, and since then, with some private detectives, the two women have worked together for their revenge, with the result that Anderson was arrested in Buchanan with a woman who passed herself off as his sister. When the couple were arrested Anderson had \$1,200 in cash, and the woman with him a lot of diamonds.

The detectives have gained information which leads them to believe that Anderson has no less than seven wives; one in Glasgow, another in London, another in Ireland, one in Boston, Miss Tomlinson in Brooklyn, a woman in Detroit, one in Chicago, and they also believe that the woman with him, who comes from the interior of Indiana, is the latest accession to this multi-married man.

The very freshest tale of infatuation and elopement comes from the staid old city of Boston, the town of culture and beans, of languages and learning, and high parties are involved. The lady is the wife of a well-known restaurateur, whose place of business is on Washington street, and the man, who is now heading for Europe with her, is an Hungarian violinist who is fearfully homely, but who can play on the violin well enough to win not only fame but hearts.

The musician was playing an engagement in Boston when the two met. She listened to the divine strains of the music he played in the Silver Grill and she forgot his face in the music. They met frequently and their love glowed like a summer sun. When the artist of the violin left Boston for New York she wrote to him, and when she felt that she could live away from him no longer, she begged him to come to her. He came, and when one night not long ago they fled together, she had concealed upon her person valuable jewels and money to the amount of \$8,000.

This is only one of the Hungarian gypsy's conquests.

There is a pretty little woman, with brown eyes and brown hair, who is in St. Louis, in the worst kind of trouble. She is Mrs. Edward Masters, is twenty-two years old, and looks more like a school girl than the mother of a child three years old. At the age of sixteen she was married to a prosperous young farmer residing about eight miles from Maryville, Mo. Everything was lovely until about a year ago, when the husband and wife separated, after drawing up papers of agreement. Soon after this event, Ire Verne Alderman, twenty-three years old, a gambler, and a former admirer, commenced paying attention to the young woman, and several months ago she sold her property, and they left Maryville together, passing themselves off as man and wife. Since that time they have visited many cities

and several States, and recently they arrived in St. Louis from Cameron, Mo., and registered at the St. James Hotel, at Broadway and Walnut street.

One night recently, after dinner, Alderman, who claims to have a horse at the South Side race tracks, left the hotel, telling the young woman that he would not wait for supper. After partaking of her meal she returned to her room, and found that Alderman had taken every cent of her money, amounting to \$80, also a diamond pin and a valuable gold chain. He had also taken care to remove or destroy his only photograph. Upon inquiry at the office she learned that, upon their arrival, Alderman had registered as Ire Verne, dropping the surname. It required no oracle to inform her that she had been deserted. The young woman, who is more than ordinarily unsophisticated, took the matter very philosophically, but asked that her recreant lover be arrested. If this be done she will prosecute him for theft.

Mrs. Master's child is now with her parents in Maryville.

The Peepers are at his old tricks again. This time he has selected the quiet little town of Bloomfield, N. J., as the place to peep, and just now the women are terrorized. They go to their rooms at night, but are afraid to disrobe for fear that terrible Peepers will glue his awful eyes to some clink or crack and see those charms which are supposed to be kept sacred from profane eyes.

But this peeper is an all round terror. Recently Miss Anna Cadmus and her sister, Miss Edith, were going to call on a neighbor, when they espied a man, apparently without a coat, but wearing a white shirt, creeping over the ground in a vacant lot. When they were opposite the fellow arose and addressed them. It is said the man wore a black mask. The Misses Cadmus screamed, and ran to Mr. Hulin's residence, near by.

Miss Anna Cadmus refused to tell what the fellow said to her and her sister. From the head of the stairs at her residence she said: "I won't tell anything."

The night previous Mrs. Hoyt, who lives on Osborne street, caught a glimpse of a man looking in her back windows. She called to her husband, and, seizing a revolver, he ran out the back door, but the peeper had disappeared.



SHE RENTED HIM BY THE HOUR.

The Cadmus and Hoyt stories having been told in the neighborhood, the women are timid about venturing out after nightfall. Another night Mrs. James Waldren called on a neighbor, and her brother, W. R. Poe, accompanied her to her home. When they reached Broad and Benson streets, where there is an open lot, a man was seen in his shirt sleeves, standing in the grass, watching them.

"There is the peeper, Will," said Mrs. Waldren. Mr. Poe stooped and picked up a stone and hurled it at the fellow, who ran to Broad street and disappeared.

Eugene Cadmus has advised his sisters, when going out in the evening, to carry a revolver, but Mrs. Hayes, a resident of Benson street, told a neighbor that red pepper was the best protection a woman could have against the peeper.

Mrs. Theo. Mix insists that something mysterious is going on in the neighborhood, as neighbors say a strange wagon went through Benson street a few nights ago. Mrs. Mix said she saw a muffled wagon pass in front of her house about 11 o'clock one night. She was asked what a muffled wagon was, and she said: "The wagon wheels were covered with rags." She said she was wide awake at the time, and did not dream that she saw the strange vehicle.

### PANS OUT RICH!

A FATAL SIN. No. 14 of FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES. Handsomely illustrated with 36 engravings. Price 50 cents. Sold by all news-vendors or sent direct by mail, securely wrapped on receipt of price, by RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

## GIRLS LURED TO RUIN.

Taken from Their Homes and Kept in Stockades.

DOGS TAUGHT TO WATCH THEM

Now the Infamous Pinerias of Michigan are Falling in Ruins.

REMINISCENCES OF A BLACK PAST.

Broken are the fences and tumbled in are the roofs of the pineries in Michigan, a series of villages which embrace Hancock, Tamarac, Houghton and Red Jacket, and the great moral wave which has swept over the Calumet Range, touched the waters of Portage Lake and crossed the Menominee River has cleaned out the gamblers' strongholds and wiped out of existence the very worst dens of infamy which ever existed.

The lumber camps and mining towns, once desperately wicked, are

the gate of which was guarded by a kennel of bull dogs trained to stop but one class of beings—the woman who attempted to get out.

Mr. Flannigan, who is a prominent lawyer of Norway, tells the story, with almost tragic eloquence, of one of the women who was fortunate enough to escape.

He was prosecuting attorney at the time, and she came to him one afternoon and asked his services to secure her trunk, which was held by Watson, who kept a place on the Menominee River. She said she was a daughter of a former chief of police of New York City, that she had received a large sum of money on the death of her father, that she had become dissipated and finally both abandoned and destitute. She had gone from Chicago to Watson's place with a woman who promised her an attractive position in St. Paul. As she knew nothing of the geography of the country it was easy to delude her.

Arrived there, it was easy to keep her. Her trunk, with all her clothing, was locked up by the mistress, and she was never allowed to leave the premises. In theory she was to receive half the money which came to her—fruits of her immoral vocation. But this money must be turned over to the mistress, who had a certain pay day on which the earned half was returned to the women. But there was charge for board, laundry and bar bills, fines for doing or leaving undone certain things, charges for repairs caused by the brutal lumbermen who had visited the place, so that the women never, in fact, received any money. Once she escaped in man's clothing, thus deceiving the dogs. But Watson followed her, fired at her with a revolver, chased her through the woods, and finally returned her to her unspeakably horrible prison. After that her lot was even more distressing. Again she escaped by prying off a board in the stockade, and again Watson overtook her and chased her back at the point of a pistol. But the third time she was more successful, and reached the town. Watson blustered and threatened furiously, for he and his fellows terrorized the community.

But Flannigan swore out a warrant, had him arrested and secured a conviction. The man was heavily fined again as the years passed, and even the profitable business he had been conducting would not stand the drain. He quit it, went to mining up in the copper country, and is now worth half a million dollars. Mr. Flannigan investigated this woman's case, and found that she had told a true story. He induced her eastern friends to receive her, and she was, two years later, leading a respectable life.

To-day Watson's old place, the scene of many a vile orgie, is in a dilapidated condition. The house is unoccupied. The gate and the kennels are gone, the doors are broken, and the thin pine partitions are crushed through in a dozen places. Lumbermen passing through this region have paid their respects, and left proofs of their regards in the heavy blows of axes.

When the pioneers first began opening the copper mines of the upper peninsula, Houghton, one of the old places, was a centre of all that is wild in sporting life. The saloons were numerous, and each one enjoyed a gambling room annex. Gamblers flocked here and conducted the games, and the miners "went against them."

They still tell of the yeoman who worked in the copper mine right across the river, drilling, digging, shoveling and wheeling all through the summer, and then coming over to the "Tiger"—which used to be a heap harder than it is now—and investing his earnings in chips at the faro table. Fortune frowned on him from the beginning, and at last he set his last dollar on a turn of the card—and lost.

"Well," said he, rising and sighing in a relieved sort of way, "come easy, go easy,"

and went back to the mine.

Houghton has boasted as many as ten good gambling rooms scattered over the steep hillside where the houses seem to hang on with all their might, being fearful of slipping into the copper-stained waters of Portage lake.

Unpolished as are the lumbermen of Florence, the moral tone of the town is as correct as that maintained in any Ohio village. Evil of the old kind is simply not tolerated. At the time of the original exposures representatives from the upper peninsula of Michigan secured the passage of a law making the keeping there of disorderly houses a felony, instead of a misdemeanor, as it is in most States. Then a vigorous prosecution made the business so unprofitable that the wretches who had been engaged in it abandoned it altogether. In Wisconsin the reform was slower in coming, and there is even yet much improvement that could profitably be made. But the most outrageous features of the traffic have disappeared, and they can never return. No one not acquainted with the former condition can realize the change this reform implies.

### BATTLED WITH A SNAKE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

If it had not been for the remarkable and unexampled heroism of Miss Ollie Hurst, of Winifrede, West Virginia, she would undoubtedly be dead now. She went out walking on the mountain not long ago, and when about half way up a tremendous snake sprang out upon her. She had a knife strapped to her belt, but so sudden was the onslaught that she did not have time to get at it. She seized the reptile by the neck to prevent it from sinking its murderous fangs in her.

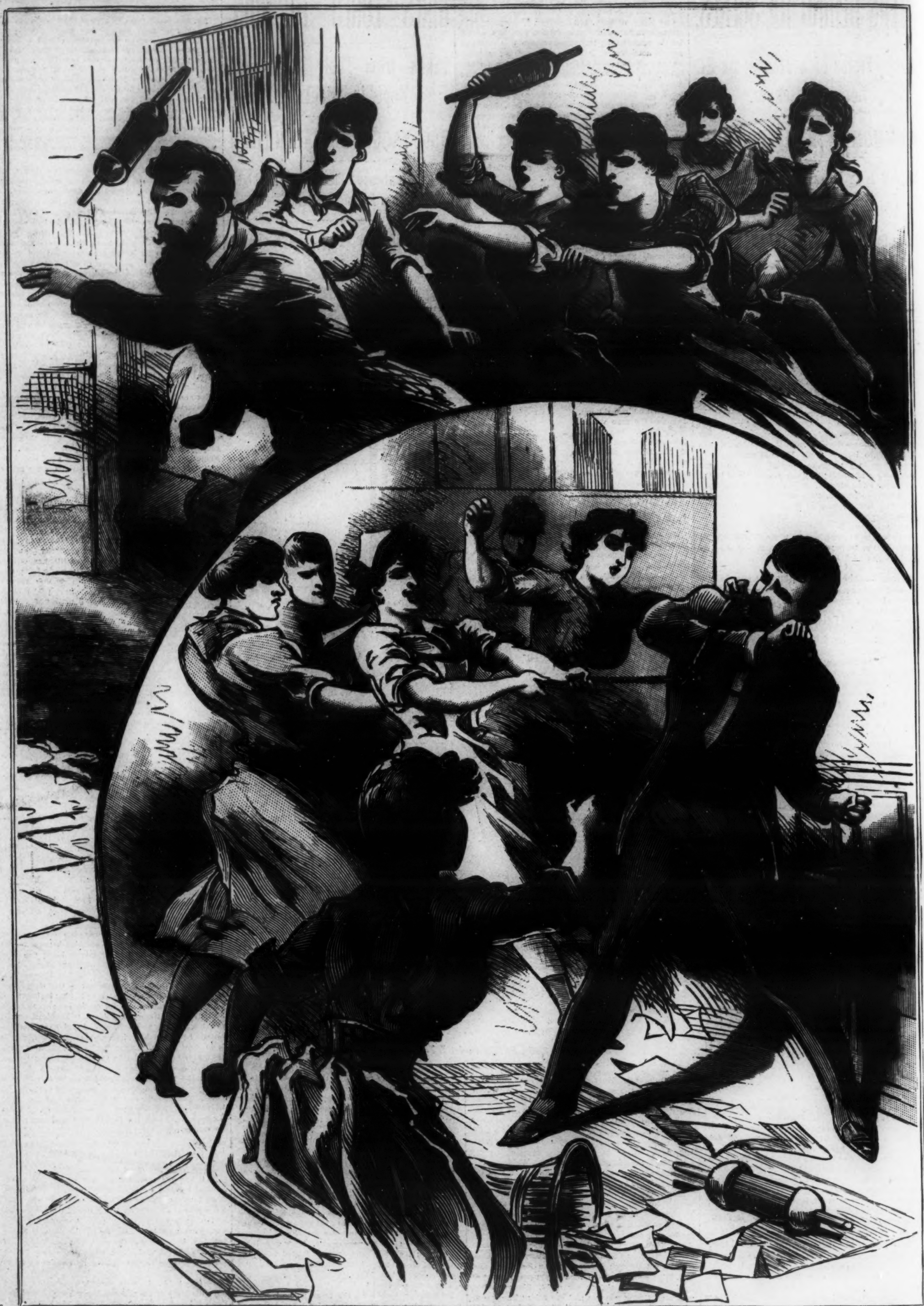
For fully half an hour the struggle was continued, and then the body of the viper suddenly relaxed, and she threw it from her down the mountain. She had literally squeezed the life out of it.

Now she is the heroine of the neighborhood.

### CATCHES THEM EVERY TIME!

Lots of fun with the Magic Money Maker. Send for one and try it. Price, 25 cents and 50 cts. Sent by mail to your address, by RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York City.

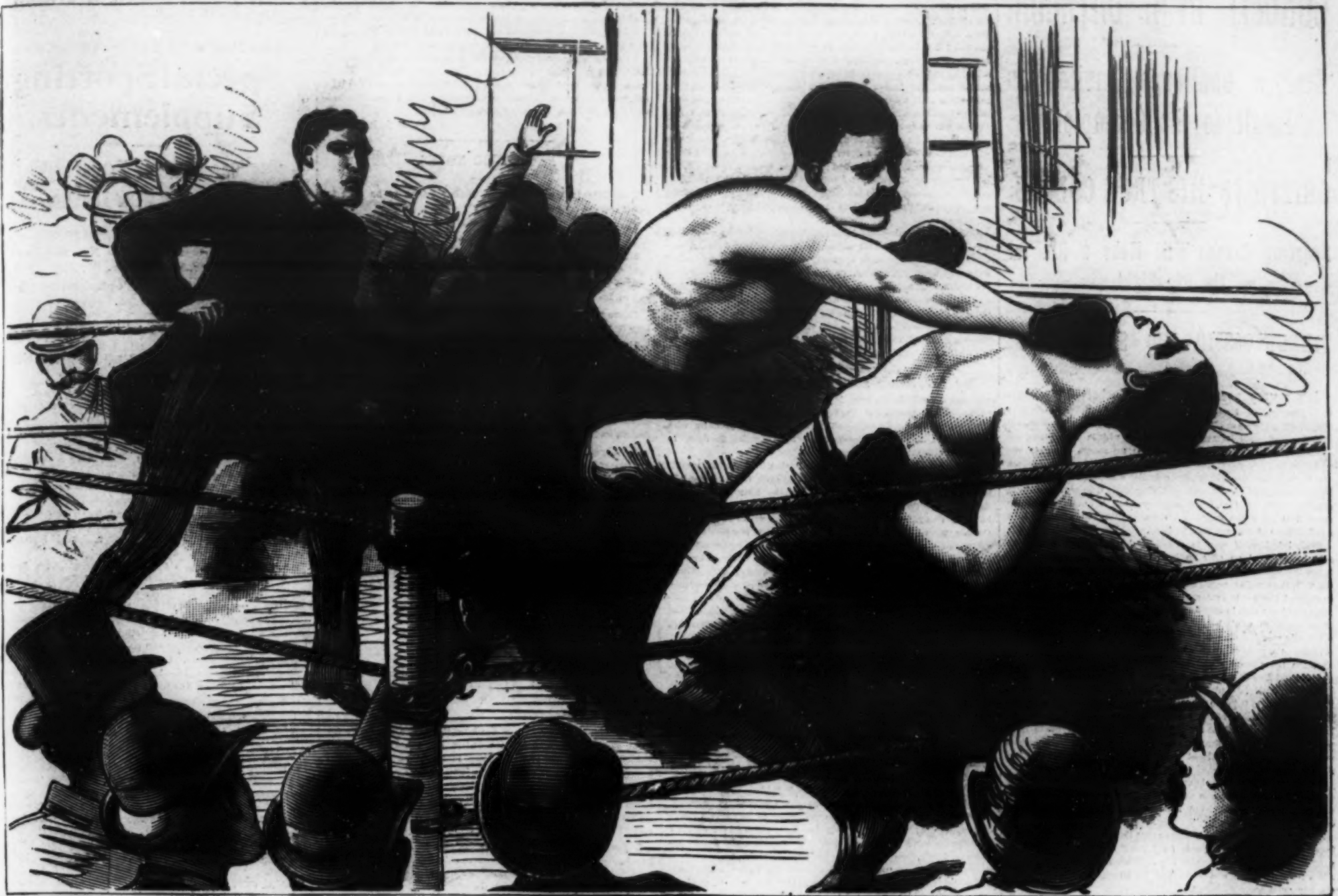




### MOBBED BY ANGRY GIRLS.

ENRAGED GIRL WEAVERS OF TRENTON, N. J., CHASE THEIR NEW OVERSEER, A PHILADELPHIA MAN, OUT OF THE MILL BECAUSE HE IS OBJECTIONABLE TO THEM.





MAHER AND MARSHALL IN THE RING.

REPRESENTATIVES OF IRELAND AND ENGLAND SETTLE THEIR DIFFERENCES AT CONEY ISLAND ON MAY 20.



HORNSPIPE WON THE HANDICAP.

PILOTED BY HAMILTON HE SUCCEEDED IN PLACING A GREAT VICTORY TO HIS CREDIT AT GRAVESEND.



## CORBETT IN A DILEMMA.

Brady's Challenge Invited an  
Insult to the Champion.

## GRIFFO IN HIS TRUE COLORS.

Sporting Texans Will Make a Bid for  
the Big Fight.

## TIMELY GOSSIP AND SMALL TALK.

It's a very pretty row that Corbett finds himself mixed up in. I never believed Billy Brady lacked so much in shrewdness as to leave himself open to a rebuff such as the National Sporting Club administered the other day. "Little Billy," and his champion, evidently forgot their classic utterances of a year ago when the N. S. C. was trying to negotiate a match between Jackson and Corbett, but the aristocratic nobodies who comprise that organization evidently had not, and by bidding their time got a chance to slap Corbett in the face, figuratively speaking, of course, and at the same time place the entire American sporting constituency in a humiliating and embarrassing position.

Brady left himself open to criticism the very moment that he cabled to England an offer on behalf of Corbett to fight Jackson before the National Sporting Club. He made the mistake of naming the club, thus taking cognizance of its existence. He might have challenged Jackson to fight, generalizing matters by saying under the auspices of any club in England offering a purse. The construction of the condition would be plain, and as the National Sporting Club is the only sporting organization in England of a so-called reputable character, the purpose of intention could not have been misconstrued. Then the titled snobs would have had no justification for holding a meeting and deciding that they could give no consideration to Corbett's offer, until he publicly apologized for the sneering allusions which he made to the club.

A very hot member of the community was Jim Corbett when he learned of the action of the club. After exploding his wrath in a volume of vituperative denunciation, he finally became intelligible, and his opinion of the National Sporting Club will make interesting reading for its members.

"The London club is made up of a lot of first-class snobs," he declared, "whose only claim to recognition is the possession of a lot of titles. They are the flimsiest excuses for men and sportsmen that ever disgraced a community."

Corbett's remarks at the meeting and the refusal of the National Sporting Club to give a purse for himself and Corbett were what particularly raised the champion's ire. When asked if he would pay any attention to the club's demand for an apology, the champion merely said: "I am willing to allow them to witness Jackson's slaughter."

"What, apologize to that crowd?" he demanded. "Never; for they owe me more of an apology than I do them. I refuse to pay the slightest attention to them unless they wish to bring about a meeting between Jackson and myself. He has placed himself in a most inconsistent position. Why has Jackson been going about for a year saying he would meet me nowhere but before the National Club, when he knew that club was antagonistic to me and would offer me no purse? It simply shows to what extent the black fellow is making an ass of himself. I had not the slightest idea that the snobs over there would refuse me a purse. Jackson and I would be the greatest card the sporting world has ever had, in a box office sense."

"I am willing to allow them to witness Jackson's slaughter. My offer is this: I will meet them, for such he is, in September, if Fitzsimmons and I do not get a battle ground, for any purse they may put up, on their own terms, and in their own arena. That ought to be sufficient without an apology, which I have too much self-respect to offer to such a crowd for a fancied offense. Jackson told me personally in New York that he would never fight again. Then he went across the water and stirred up the present rumpus."

Although Jackson's talk at the meeting was big, I share Corbett's opinion about his not fighting again, and the remarks made by me last week in this column are reiterated. Corbett looks upon the black now as an easy proposition, and would like to force, cajole or coax him into a fight. To defeat him would clinch his claim to the title of champion of the world, upon which he could retire with a useful capital for the profession of acting, in which he aspires to be a shining light.

To gratify his ambition he would throw Fitzsimmons over, and that is the part of the scheme which has excited criticism. Last week I suggested to Corbett that his action in challenging Jackson at this time would excite an opinion in the minds of some people respecting upon his ability to win from Fitzsimmons. That prediction has been verified, for now it is the common sentiment expressed by certain critics of pugilism who are not over friendly to Corbett, that he realizes that Fitzsimmons has a chance to win, and dreads the possible outcome of a battle with him because of the monetary loss that would be involved through his theatrical enterprises.

Corbett's gameness is something that should not be brought into question. He has done all that could be asked of any man in his position. He went against Sullivan and beat him. Some say there was not much credit acquired in vanquishing a man weak, sick and dispirited as Sullivan was; but that the latter was in this condition was no fault of Corbett's. When Sullivan was Sullivan, the present champion was a strapping fellow; that he aged before the latter acquired sufficient experience to justify a meeting, was a circumstance in his favor. Corbett certainly tried hard enough to induce Jackson to fight him again, and that I have personal knowledge of. At that memorable meeting which took place in the Grand Union Hotel, in New York, all the efforts that the champion made to force the black man into a fight were futile. It was an interesting moment when Jackson, realizing that the youth before him had usurped the honors that he himself aspired to, remarked, with a curl of his lip:

"It took you three years to make up your mind to fight me!"

"Yes," replied Corbett, with venom in his voice, "but now I've got you where I want you, and I'm your master!"

It was Jackson who was the first to pull down his stake, therefore closing the door to the possibility of a match being arranged. It was Jackson who jumped out of the country, and whatever claim he had for a return match he forfeited with that masterly retreat. The chance to fight he then threw away; and it is in the face of these circumstances that we are asked to believe what he said when he arose at the meeting of the National Sporting Club, and gave vent to his feelings in those words:

"I do not blame you for the stand you have taken in this matter. I thought I might get a chance at Corbett—my only one. I am sorry I cannot get the contest. Corbett knows that we cannot fight in America since the action of the Louisiana Legislature. That action leaves no place where we can meet. I know of no other club which can afford a sufficiently large purse. I will fight Corbett anywhere and have always been anxious to do so. You will remember that my challenge has always been open to him. I have done all in my power to bring about a fight."

The Fitzsimmons end of the controversy now merits some consideration. Corbett's excuse that there is no hope of getting off his fight with the lanky New Zealander in this country is a decidedly gaudy one. It is possible that this fight cannot be pulled off in America without jeopardizing the liberty and citizenship of the principals, but that fact has yet to be demonstrated. Corbett

should maintain the position of wanting to fight under any condition that presents itself. The excuse should not come from his end. He has entered into an agreement to fight, and the dignity of his position as champion requires that he do all he possibly can to facilitate the meeting. Making this excuse and doubting the probability of the match ever taking place, only tends, as I said before, to excite the belief that he doubts his ability to beat the blacksmith. Fitz, to him, is an unknown quantity. Corbett has never put on the gloves with him and does not know anything about his fighting worth by actual test. He knows by the champion's addleweight's fighting record that he is a dangerous man; that he is never whipped until the fatal ten seconds have been counted. Now, while I think that Corbett will whip Fitz if they ever meet, yet his victory in such an event is not a foregone conclusion. The fight between these men will be a short one. Fitz never had any other kind. He will either whip his opponent or be whipped in a short space of time. Corbett told me recently that while he believed implicitly in his ability to beat Fitzsimmons, he did not intend taking any chances, but would prepare and fight more carefully than he ever did for or in any of his engagements.

So far as his meeting Fitzsimmons is concerned, it is even more important that he fulfill this obligation than fighting Jackson, notwithstanding the prestige of world's champion that he would acquire by beating the latter. To retire without settling the claims of his middleweight challenger, would leave him with a tarnished title, and this he cannot afford under any circumstances. My advice to Corbett is to pursue Fitzsimmons until every vestige of hope in bringing about a fight is disposed of; then, if there is no settlement, the over ready critics can find no reason to censure him when he decides to relinquish his connection with active pugilistic affairs.

My prediction about Dallas, Tex., being the probable scene of the big fight is being realized. "Dan" Stewart, representing a syndicate of Texans, is expected to arrive in New York within a few days. The object of his visit is to confer with Corbett, Fitzsimmons and Vendig in regard to securing the fight. In a letter Mr. Stewart says:

"If the principals are sincere the syndicate will have no trouble in bringing off the fight. A purse of \$40,000 to \$41,000 will be offered for the contest. The plan is to have the bout take place at the time of the Dallas fair, which event attracts great crowds. My idea would be to have it on the night of the drummers' day, about October 20. On that day the city is filled with representatives of every section of the country. The residents of Dallas look upon the bringing off of the contest as in the nature of an advertisement for the city and the State. The contest can be brought off in Dallas, and the money will be ready when the negotiations are completed. All we want of the men is to fight when they enter the ring. I have a plain business proposition to make Corbett and Fitzsimmons, and if they are in earnest the arrangements should be completed in short order."

There is a ring of genuine quality about Mr. Stewart's offer. He says little, but his words are to the point and brimful of meaning. It is to be hoped that things may be settled satisfactorily.

## "Parson" Davies has leased the cottage at

Asbury Park, formerly used by Corbett, and has fitted it up for training quarters for his string of boxers. He has with him Tommy Ryan, Joe Choyinski, Jimmy Barry, Bob Armstrong, the colored giant, and Harry Pines, Ryan's trainer. Ryan is at weight (142 pounds) for his coming contest with "Mysterious" Billy Smith, which takes place May 27 before the Seaside Athletic Club of Coney Island. He is in excellent condition and confident of winning. Choyinski has been doing light exercise prior to going into active training for his 25-round "go" with Jim Hall, which comes off June 17 under the auspices of the same club. At present he weighs 163 pounds. Barry, the 160-pound champion, will be matched next week to contest with "Kid" Madden in the near future, which event will probably take place between the above two contests, and also before the Seaside Club. "Bob" Armstrong, Davies' newly-bred colored heavyweight, is doing considerable work, and seems to have in him the making of a clever boxer. He is twenty-one years old, stands six feet four inches in height and weighs 210 pounds, and is a finely-proportioned fellow.

As yet, Choyinski has received no reply to his challenge to Steve O'Donnell and cannot understand the cause of Brady's silence, inasmuch as he has an acceptance to the one issued by Brady some time ago on behalf of O'Donnell, to contest with any man in the "world" barring Corbett. "Parson" Davies has placed \$500 in my hands in support of this proposition and is awaiting Mr. Brady's reply.

## Young Griffio has at last placed himself be-

hind the pale where he can be regarded a fit associate for any decent man in the community. On complaint of representatives of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, a warrant has been issued at Coney Island for the Australian's arrest. The charge against him is a grave one, and should it be proven, the boxer may be required to serve ten years in State prison. Griffio fled the city on Monday last and his present whereabouts are not known. A nine-year-old son of a Coney Island tailor named Gottlieb, is the actual complainant, and except for the interference of the above named society agents, it is probable that no charges would have been preferred. Report has it that Griffio sailed for England in a cattle ship. At the time of writing this the Australian had not been apprehended.

Griffio, when he fled, was matched to fight Kid Lavigne on May 30, but the Seaside Club people very wisely considered the harm it would do them to continue any relations with the dirty young loafer, and forthwith declared the match off. Griffio's nonsense has been tolerated here too long. His drunken habits have disgusted sporting men wherever he has appeared; he has figured in the police courts charged with having insulted women upon the public streets. He has transgressed all the laws of decency, and it would be a benefit to the community at large, if he were given his just deserts.

Kid Lavigne, the Saginaw lad, really took the initiative step in ignoring Griffio by refusing to fight him, and his action deserves commendation. The Australian's predicament gives Jack Everhart, the New Orleans boxer, the one chance he has been seeking for, to appear before New York's state critics. Since he came here from New Orleans, five months ago, he has met all the prominent lightweights of Philadelphia and down East, and never got an adverse decision. He was, therefore, regarded as the only legitimate claimant for Lavigne's consideration; and a match having been made, the Seaside Athletic Club very willingly gave them the date originally set apart for Griffio and Lavigne.

A fight between Jack Everhart and the lad from New Orleans will come pretty near to settling the question of the lightweight title; and as a championship battle it must be regarded. At weight, Everhart has beaten all the 135-pound aspirants for championship fame except the Kid, and the latter puts in his claim for the title. The forthcoming fight means much to these two boys. Everhart looked upon as the avenger of Andy Bowen, who died from the effects of the punishment received at Lavigne's hands. His townsman, Everhart, had this end episode in mind when he made the match.

The fact has been demonstrated that New York's Legislature is led by a rational, liberal-minded, unbiased group of men. The Horton anti-pugilism bill was called up for final consideration in the Senate last week, and summarily defeated. The bill never deserved any consideration in the first place. It was framed by a backwoodsmen legislator, from a wayback county, who admitted that he had never witnessed a pugilistic contest, and never even saw a pair of boxing gloves. For such a man to be the sponsor for such a measure was in itself an insult to the intelligence of his associate lawmakers. Assuming that he may have been actuated by a humane motive, having read of the unfortunate deaths that have occurred in connection with the prize ring, he thought it would be a good thing to stop all kinds of boxing. He might with the same degree of consistency have stopped the singing of hymns in a church, had some member of the congregation been unfortunate enough to choke to death as the result of too much enthusiasm or a desire to increase the volume of sound.

A good story is told in connection with Assemblyman Horton's

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ignorance of boxing matters. One evening, before the measure was finally disposed of, Senator Sullivan, a sport of the best sort, a Rowdy boy and one of the best lobbyists at the State Capitol, invited Horton to go out. Keeping him in ignorance of his destination, he got him into a hall where a boxing bout was in progress. Horton was surprised, then interested and before many minutes had elapsed he was applauding as vigorously as any old-timer present.

"And that's the sport that your bill is intended to put an end to," incidentally remarked his companion. The next day the bill was called up, and in his speech advocating its defeat, Senator Sullivan referred to the incident of the evening before, and a general laugh was given out at the expense of the hayseed sport.

SAM AUSTIN.

## PUGILISTIC NOTES.

Jake Kilrain says that Peter Maher ought to be able to put O'Donnell out in a round.

The Olympic Club arena at New Orleans will be pulled down, and houses will be built on the site.

Shadow Maher is now in New York trying to get on a fight with some one in the middleweight class.

Arthur Walker, the Australian welterweight, is in town, and wishes to have a trial against anybody in his class.

Johnny Griffin, the Braintree featherweight, who has been ill for several weeks with pneumonia, has recovered.

Jim Hall writes that if he defeats Choyinski he is going to challenge the winner of the Corbett and Fitzsimmons fight.

Billy Hennessy attempted to stop Abe Ullman in six rounds in Baltimore recently, but he was outpointed himself.

Fred Morris, better known as "Maiden's Cyclone," defeated Dick Moore, in eleven rounds, at the Farragut Club, in Boston, on May 15.

The Olympic Club of New Orleans will not accept the late decision of the courts as final. The club people are going to move for a rehearing of their case.

Al O'Brien, of Philadelphia, who was defeated in eight rounds by Jimmy Hendler, says he would like to get on another bout with Hendler for a limited number of rounds.

Jim Carney of England, who a few years ago was considered by many to be the premier boxer in the lightweight class, has intentions of visiting this country in the near future.

Leslie Pierce, of Philadelphia, and Stanton Abbott, of England, have signed new articles of agreement to box twenty rounds at the Suffolk Athletic Club, Boston, on June 5.

Paddy Slavin and Charlie Mitchell are in a brown study whether it would be wise to come to America or make a trip to South Africa. They will visit one of the two places this spring.

If everything can be adjusted properly a mill between Jimmy Barry and "Kid" Madden will be arranged in a few days. The Seaside A. C. will try to bring the pair together in a twenty-five round bout at Coney Island.

Fred Morris, the "Black Cyclone," intends to make an effort to meet Joe Walcott in a limited round bout before long. Fred's decisive victory over Dick Moore in Boston on Tuesday night is looked upon as a very creditable performance.

It begins to look as though the Jackson-Corbett fight would go through, Brady's "feeler" apparently having found a receptive spot. Both Brady and Corbett express the utmost confidence that Fitzsimmons will be a soft mark for the champion.

Sammy Kelly, who went to Baltimore last week, and knocked out Jack Chimes in seven rounds, has signed articles to meet Joe Bateman, of Washington, for ten rounds at 115 pounds in the Lyceum Theatre, Washington, the latter part of this month.

Jim Lavelle has added another boxer to his already long string. The newcomer's name is Johnny Grant. Grant is a very clever and game boxer, and will make a good impression. Johnny wishes to take a chance with any fatherweight in the business. Billy Smith preferred.

Paddy Furlott, the hard-hitting welterweight, gave Jack Larney, the Icelandic, an awful beating at Kansas City on May 12. Larney was knocked down five times in five rounds, and fell face down in the fifth round from a right-hand swing on the jaw. He was unconscious for five minutes.

Twelve hundred persons in Scranton, Pa., saw James Judge and Mike Leonard, of Brooklyn, fight six rounds to a draw. The referee was Bert Gilmartin, of New York. Judge had the advantage of weight, height and reach, weighing in at 136 pounds. The weight of Leonard was 131½ pounds.

In a 6-round contest at Montreal, on May 10, Billy Woods, of Denver, defeated Jack Slavin in 5 rounds. The event of the evening was a 10-round contest between Buffalo Costello, of Montreal, and Bill Slavin, of Australia. Slavin suffered the same fate as his brother, being punched all over the ring, and his face badly disfigured. Costello was awarded the fight.

## LATE SPORTING NEWS.

Tracy and Walcott were matched to fight at the Sea Beach Athletic Club on June 10.

Paddy Ryan, of Troy, Sullivan's old opponent, was at the Maher Marshall fight and challenged the winner.

James Smith, the old time pedestrian and trainer of athletes, is now living in Shenandoah, Pa. He was in New York last week to see the Maher-Marshall fight.

Billy Brady has secured control of the Atlantic Club arena at Coney Island and will conduct boxing contests under the auspices of the Sea Beach Athletic Club.

A cable to the "Police Gazette" received on May 20 says that the National Sporting Club will probably offer a purse for Johnny Murphy, of Boston, to fight the winner of the Corbett-Fitzsimmons affair, which takes place in London on May 27.

A draw was declared by Thomas Scully, referee in the twelve-round sparring contest on May 17 between Mike Sears, of Lewiston, Me., and Luke Burke, of Lowell, in the Gladstone Athletic Club rooms, Providence, R. I.

Jack Burke, of New Orleans, writes from Boston that he would be pleased to make a match with Jack McAuliffe. Burke has all the backing necessary, and says he will be ready to sign articles next week for a "go" limited to 15 or 20 rounds.

Tom O'Rourke, the manager of Geo. Dixon and Joe Walcott, called at the Police Gazette office on May 20 and said he and his protégé would leave for England immediately after the fight between Dixon and Krue, which takes place at Coney Island on June 14.

Jack Everhart, who is matched to fight Kid Lavigne at Coney Island on May 30, began training on May 20 in the gymnasium of the Manhattan Athletic Club. He weighed 150 pounds, and the task of taking off 17 pounds in less than two weeks confronts him.

Frank Slavin has challenged James J. Corbett for a fight for \$2,000 or \$5,000 a side, to take place in England between March and May, 1896. Slavin says that he challenges Corbett because Peter Jackson, the colored fighter, has refused to meet him, although he would prefer the latter.

Richard McCallum, the young Scotch navigator who intends sailing a 25-foot ketch across the ocean, arrived here from St. John, N. B., on May 20. He called at the Police Gazette office and said that his boat would be taken to Twynem's dry-dock in Brooklyn to be fitted with sails and prepared for the voyage.

George Dixon, the champion featherweight pugilist of the world, was arrested on May 18, at the Grand Central Depot, New York, for being drunk and disorderly and was locked up. He annoyed the passengers of the Shore Line express, which left at 1 p. m., and caused considerable excitement on the train. He was locked up in the Grand Central police station, and bailed out later by friends. Dixon and a friend, both under the influence of liquor, went into the parlor car on the train, where many women were. Dixon was profane and boisterous and scared the women. Dixon also made a scene in the depot, and resisted arrest. He was arraigned on the following day and fined.

## POINTS FOR CORRESPONDENTS

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A. B. H., Syracuse, N. Y.—Louisville Courier-Journal. F. H., Buffalo, N. Y.—What was Sullivan's weight when he fought Kilrain? .....317½ pounds.

M. D., Du Bois, Pa.—Peter Maher and Peter Jackson never fought for a purse or stake as opponents.

H. B. W., Ft. Pleasant, W. Va.—1. By issuing a challenge accompanied by a deposit. 2. We think not.

Readers, Coahontan, Ohio.—Neither of the turfmen you mention ever travelled with the Sullivan combination.

Readers, Cedar Falls, Ia.—Please inform me if there is any tonic that will make hair curly.....Wash it in stale beer.

J. H., Portland, Me.—1. Joe Goddard. 2. John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain fought once, 3. No. 4. Yes. 5. Yes.

Bar. Fort Worth, Tex.—A J R bets J B \$100 that Steve Brodie is Jim Corbett's manager. Please decide.....He is not.

No NAME, Cleveland, O.—We do not answer or give decisions on catch bets. You must fight the issue between yourselves.

R. P., Pittsburg, Pa.—Did Fitzsimmons ever meet O'Donnell in a glove contest in this country or any other country.....No.

N. J. B., Antigo, Wis.—The best six-day go-as-you-please record is held by George Littlewood. He belongs to Sheffield, Eng.

H. McC., Princeton, Ill.—1. We have not the date. 2. Jenny Lind never accompanied Ole Bull on a tour through this country.

L. K., New York.—Where can I send entry fee for the Milburn bicycle road race, May 30?.....R. G. Betts, 11 Park Row, New York.

I. C. B., Syracuse, N. Y.—1. No. 2. Send 25 cents to this office for "The Standard Book of Rules," published by Richard K. Fox.

L. F., New York.—Kindly inform me whether Charles Mitchell is a heavy weight or a middleweight champion.....He does not hold the title of champion at any weight.

A. C., Natchez, Miss.—Are there any rules for playing seven-up?.....Send 25 cents to this office for copy of "The Police Gazette Card Player," containing all rules.

P. L., Summit, S. C.—In how short a time has 500 and 1,000 miles been walked; on a bet?.....Littlewood walked 500 miles in 120 hours 34 minutes. There is no record for 1,000 miles.

B. & B., Chicago, Ill.—The baker beats the barber that John L. Sullivan first won the title of champion heavy weight pugilist by defeating Paddy Ryan. Who wins?.....The baker wins.

C. B., Portsmouth, O.—We do not know the pugilist you refer to. Richard K. Fox publishes "The Life and Battles of Jack Dempsey." A copy will be mailed to your address if you remit 25 cents.

Franzenaur, Allegheny City, Pa.—How many fights has James Corbett had up to the present time?.....Twenty-three glove contests, including his bout with Courtney before the Kinetoscope.

J. W. E., Covington, Va.—Inform me how to make an absolute frappe?.....Send 25 cents for a copy of the Police Gazette Bartender's Guide, containing instructions how to mix all kinds of drinks.

G. J. W., National Home, Wis.—I am in dispute with a man whether Dan Rice, the clown, is dead or alive. He claims he is dead ten years. Will you be kind enough to inform me which is right?.....He is dead.

Schwartz, Pittsburgh, Pa.—A bets that Kilrain and Smith fought forty-two rounds and B bets that they fought more than forty-two rounds.....They fought 106 rounds, London Ring rules, when darkness caused them to stop.

F. F. H., Cortland, N. M.—I and my friend were playing a game of cluck or pitch trump. I was nine points and he was nine, then being the game. He bid three and made high, low, game. I made Jack. Who went out first?.....Your friend wins.

R. W. C., Carlton, Victoria, Australia.—Would you kindly forward me any information concerning Mr. T. J. Duggan, who left Australia for San Francisco about four years ago to follow his profession as an actor?.....Never heard of him.

T. H., St. Louis, Mo.—1. A bets B that Corbett knocked Sullivan down and the latter was counted out. B bets A that he fell from exhaustion and was counted out. Who wins? 2. Did Corbett knock Sullivan down at all?.....1. A wins. 2. Yes.

R. E., Colorado Springs, Colo.—In a game of cribbage A plays the seven, B the four, A the five, B the three, which makes B a run of three. Then A plays the six, making a run of five. Then B plays another four. Does he make a run of four again or not?.....He does.

Schwartz, Reading, Pa.—Will you kindly let us know who wins a bet made on weight. One party says a certain article weighs between 400 and 500 pounds; second party says it will not weigh between 400 and 500 pounds. Article being weighed, weighed exactly 400 pounds. Who wins?.....The bet is a draw.

S. L. L., Pensacola, Fla.—A few days ago I received a package and a note; I opened the package first, and a friend of mine standing there says, "Why didn't you open the note first?" We argued on, and finally I let him \$5 I was right, and we could not get a satisfactory decision.....Courtesy should have prompted you to have received the written communication before opening the package. However, the point is not sufficient to justify a wager. The money should be drawn.

A, B and C, Irvington, N. J.—A, B and C are playing pool (eight-ball). C gets seven balls. A and B get four each. Then A and B agree to play it off next game, when A runs off six balls. B shoots next, and as soon as he gets five balls A calls pool, and says B is stuck the tie game and that C is stuck this game. B claims as he has not missed he can shoot until the other four balls are off, as he has a chance to win the tie game by getting more than six. Is B correct? A says when he has six and B or C gets five, it is all over.....A wins.

Readers, Punta Gorda, Fla.—In a two-handed game of draw poker, D opens the pot on a pair of queens; F stays on a bob-tail; D splits his queens, discards it to one side, separate from other discards, face up, and draws to a bob-tail; both fail to catch; D bets the limit; F drops, and asks for D's opener; D shows his hand and produces the other queen, still at one side from other discards; F takes the pot, claiming D should have said, at the time he split the queens, "I split queens," etc. Who is entitled to the pot?.....D.

Inquirer.—A bets that Jackson was only two weeks trained for the contest between him and Corbett, and B bets that Jackson was training longer.....Sam Fitzpatrick, who trained Jackson for his fight with Corbett, says it was five weeks from the day of the fight that he began. He worked one week and then he was thrown from a wagon and hurt. He was laid up in bed two weeks, then resumed training and had exactly two weeks of it before the fight.

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## SPORT OF ALL SORTS.

Events of Passing Interest that Merit Criticism.

RACING POPULAR AS EVER.

Betting Men Accept the New Condition of Things Without a Murmur.

BRIDGE-JUMPER BRODIE HAS A RIVAL

If recent occurrences count for anything, racing in the East under the new condition of things promises to be more popular than ever. The regular patrons of the sport are even surprised at the smooth way in which the wheels were again set in motion. Tormented for months by an agony of doubt as to the future of the sport, and then, when racing was finally assured, by the fear that there would be no betting, they had approached very near to the bottomless abyss of despair. But hope and confidence have sprung up where fear and doubt formerly reigned. No man who visited Gravesend on Handicap day can have any fear for the future of racing, nor can he have any reason to doubt that he will have abundant opportunities to place all the money that he may desire to wager. Those who were present at the track do not need to be told about the betting. To those who were not there and are not experienced racers it is sufficient to say that the only difference between the new regime and the old is that instead of being mounted on boxes in the ring, the bookmakers now take up a position on the lawn. There is this slight difference, too, that instead of marking up odds of say 10 to 1 against any horse on his claim, as he did under the old rule, he now tells the person desiring to make a wager that he is willing to bet 10 to 1 that the horse will not win. The inexperienced racer and the casual visitor must be told that the old betting rings, with their turmoil and roar, are as quiet and silent as the grave. They were a rare study, those rings, with their thousands of frenzied demons, who fought and struggled to place their money with the bookmaker, who too often kept it, and many a man is glad that they have passed away forever. But the opportunity to bet money, and as much of it or as little of it as you please, still exists. At present and for some time to come the percentage will be in favor of the bookmaker, for this percentage will not say greater odds than he can possibly help. But competition and time will remedy this evil, and within the next six weeks odds will be as liberal and better as content and well pleased as they ever were.

There is a universal hopefulness and a universal desire among all classes of turfmen to work together. Everybody is with the Jockey Club, and the implicit obedience given to orders would make a German officer envious. The racing itself has been unusually good. It is a kind of golden age among the jockeys. There has not even been a suggestion of dishonesty. Old-timers who remember the past rub their eyes.

There are sure to be some great reversals in form within the next few weeks. The late Spring has prevented most of the trainers, particularly the trainers of valuable horses, from preparing their charges as they would if the weather had been favorable. Half a dozen high-class animals were beaten last week who could give and will give pounds to their conquerors and smother them later on.

Work on the Defender has again been delayed. It was discovered as the plates were being riveted that quite a space of the plating and frames was warped inward, a good part of the warping being nearly an inch out of the way. The warping extended over the greater part of the smithing section and into the after section, and ranged from a short distance above the water line down below the bilges. The extent to which the side of the boat was out of line varied considerably. It took nearly two days before the frames and plates were forced back into their true position again, and care is being taken that there shall be no more trouble in this line. It has been stated on good authority that the cause of the warping was a strain brought about by the aluminum plates giving way somewhat to the heavy bulb angle from body frames, the change taking place gradually. There is considerable spring to the bulb frames, and they readily warp inward if every precaution is not taken to keep them in line. It is thought that a little more steel work in place of the aluminum would make a more staunch upper body, even if it was a trifle heavier.

Judging from the shape of the boat and her great draught, she will be difficult to steer, and it is therefore inferred that a wheel will be used instead of a tiller, as plenty of purchase will be needed. The force of sailmakers has been increased, to have the sails in readiness in about three weeks, when the Defender will take to the water. The mainmast is nearing completion, and the smaller sails are about all finished.

The reference that I made in this column a week ago regarding Turfman Mike Dwyer's home-coming, is positively borne out by the circumstances that have since transpired. It is now an open secret that he and Mr. Richard Croker, his racing partner, have had some serious difference which has culminated in a severance of their relations. Such a disagreement might be easily accounted for. Croker and Dwyer might have had different views as to starting the horses and betting on them. Dwyer was unable to get along with his brother Phil, mainly because of betting transactions, and the old firm of Dwyer Brothers was dissolved some years ago. Mr. Croker is a mere tyro at the game. Perhaps he begins to think that he knows as much as "Mike," who has had twenty years' experience, and has held his own against all comers. The latter has evidently been up against it on the other side, and would just be in the mood to resent any assumption of superior turf wisdom on the part of Mr. Croker. This might explain the spectacle of Willie Sims exercising Croker's horses on one side of Newmarket Heath and Dwyer's on the other. Croker has a lot to learn about racing, and while he is learning it there is a good chance for him to go broke. He can get some points from "Mike" on plugging.

Regarding the racing venture abroad, English handicappers are rendering it quite impossible for the American syndicate to make a coup, and they have lost heavily so far. Rules of English racing practically limit American horses to selling races. Horses are weighted up to a maximum in proportion to amount for which they are entered to be sold. The winning horse is put up to auction, and the owner of the second horse is entitled to claim any other horse in the race except the winner at the sum at which he was entered. Thus Stenness was entered in the selling race on Wednesday last to be sold for £500, and when beaten the owner of the second horse claimed him for that amount. Dwyer offered £1,000 to buy him back, but his new owner would not accept. The loss of Stenness is a serious one for the Americans, who had also backed him to win a large sum. It was reported in the ring that they had dropped £12,000 on the race. But the syndicate made a record on the following day in selling race. Banquet ran in a race in which the price was only £100, and in which the winner was to be sold for not less than £300. The Americans backed him at 5 to 4 against to win £17,000, according to gossip in the paddock. When Banquet was put up at auction, and amid scenes of great excitement the Americans bought him in at £1,585, the highest sum ever paid at auction at Newmarket for the winner of a selling plate.

Another epidemic of bridge jumping may be anticipated. On Thursday last a Buffalo newsboy, who rejoiced in the euphonious sobriquet "Toronto Red," sought to emulate Brodie's example by dropping from the Brooklyn Bridge into the river.

From all evidence in hand it seems reasonably certain that Toronto Red was successful, and in time should rise to Brodie's fame by falling nightly from a bridge into the nothingness of the water. It was barely daylight in the morning when a bridge policeman saw a man pass from the Brooklyn entrance along the roadway of the bridge. A moment later two Brooklyn butchers drove along. When the butchers passed the Brooklyn pier one of them stood in his wagon and yelled:

"Man overboard!"

This policeman saw a man's head rising from the water and move towards a boat, into which helping arms pulled him. The police were not able to find Toronto Red—whose real name is Thomas J. Tremaine—nor the friends who pulled him out of the water.

According to the accounts given by Tremaine and his friends he was tight-fisted black treasurer, a black coat lined with cork and shoes weighted with thirty pounds of lead, arranged so that it could easily be detached.

Tremaine was in the water about ten seconds before his head came to the surface. The weights slipped from his feet when he struck. Aside from a few bruises on his legs he was uninjured. He said that the only unpleasant sensation was loss of breath as his body shot downward. It is said that he won a wager of \$700 on the result.

Eighteen men have dropped from the Brooklyn Bridge since May 19, 1895, when Robert E. Odium tried it and was killed. The other persons killed were G. F. Fiescher, E. C. Baldwin, Francis McGarry, John McManis, David Brown and James Duffy. The latter dropped April 18, this year, to his death. Those who have lived to claim that they dropped from the bridge are Steve Brodie, Larry Donovan, Max Koch, Patrick Carroll, Joseph Burns, E. C. Dreyfus, Daniel McLaughlin, John Haggerty, Dennis McCarthy, Henry Meiner and Toronto Red.

Baltimore scribes don't like the new coaching rules. One critic says:

"Last season's routers will remember how many a time, with the odds against them, the whole team would begin 'mowing' vigorously, when at every close decision the whole outfield would come running in to see about it, when every man on the team would come in to the bat on the run, yelling, 'Get at 'em!' and in their enthusiasm could not sit still on the bench, but were jumping up and down beating at imaginary balls, and showing an enthusiasm that nothing could conquer. That accounted for the savage beating streaks and many a victory. The new rules have hurt the Orioles worse than any other club, because they are nearly all young, enthusiastic, 'scrappy' players, whose playing depends largely upon their enthusiasm. It is not a little discouraging to a Baltimore router to see, after a close decision, Kelley and Brodie and Jennings and McGraw come running in from the field in the old scrappy fashion, and then, remembering the new order of things, shut their lips tight and sullenly and slowly walk back to their places, as if every bit of starch were taken out of them."

Chicago is once more in the throes of race-track troubles. This time it is the Law and Order element arrayed against the men who control racing at the small tracks. If the Civic Federation makes good its threat and attempts to stop bookmaking at Harlow, the track owners will attempt to close the Board of Trade. There is no disguising the fact that the situation is desperate and that something must be done at once if racing is to be continued this Summer. The Hawkins contingent, it is said, are in favor of waiting until a bill can be put through the Legislature that will legalize racing before opening the track. The Corrigan crowd, it is stated, are bitterly opposed to any such scheme, claiming it would be a confession of weakness.

Both associations have agreed to stand together in fighting the common foe. They feel particularly bitter towards President W. T. Baker, who has ceased all the trouble. The horsemen say that as President of the Board of Trade he is at the head of the greatest gambling institution in the country. If the Civic Federation is serious of reforming the town and stopping gambling it should turn its attention to the Board. This it will not do, of course. The track owners propose to take a hand in the game of morals, if forced to do so.

DOMINO.

## CYCLE NOTES.

Kilpatrick, the one-legged cyclist, and his wife intend starting soon on a ride to Chicago wheel.

Charles K. Murphy is said to have ridden half a mile at Savannah, Ga., in 1.01 1-5 seconds, unpaired.

Frank Waller will take part in a long race at Toronto next week, in which he will try to crack the record for one hour and also that for 100 miles.

Work is being pushed upon the new track at Manhattan Beach. A prominent local cyclist predicts that the track will be torn up before the season is half over.

The movement for a "dealers' race" this year is being received with favor. Many riders who were prominent a few seasons ago would take part if the race was arranged.

Race promoters in Boston are trying hard to bring about a match race of ten miles between "Eddie" McDuffie and "Mat" Butler. The men have failed to agree on the conditions, and the proposed match will probably fall through.

The latest freak in the Coney Island cycle path is a youth who cannot ride well enough to keep out of his own way, but who takes a dog out on the path for exercise or as a pacesetter. The dog cannot help tangling himself up in the wheels as he gambols about, but, poor animal, he is not supposed to have much sense than the bicycle novice.

Willie B. Troy is out with an offer to match Charles Murphy to ride the cyclist Johnson three races, provided Johnson is reinstated, the match to be for such a trophy as agreed upon. Mr. Troy suggests that the races be all one mile each, or one, three and five miles, to come off any time after July 4, on such dates and tracks as the chairman of the Racing Board may designate.

The Quill Club Wheelmen have secured excellent quarters in the Pulitzer Building, New York, which will be handsomely fitted up. This club has received applications for membership from some of the most prominent bicycle writers in America, and the president has received a communication from Cincinnati, in which it is desired to establish a branch of the New York Club.

The daily "new record" comes from San Francisco, as usual. This time it is a new road five-mile mark of 12:18 1-5, said to have been made by F. M. Byrne. His pacesetter, J. E. Edwards, is said to have beaten the record by riding in 12:15 3-5. These California records are getting to be a regular daily diet. One cyclist remarks: "What kind of watches do they use?" It is just probable that watches are not used at all. The "record-breakers" who smash a mark before breakfast every day are altogether too fast for anything so mechanical as a watch.

Johnny Murphy, of Boston, is still sanguine of his ability to beat Billy Plimmer despite the unfortunate termination of their fight at New Orleans. Murphy called at the POLICE GAZETTE office and authorized a cable challenge to fight the winner of the Plimmer and Corfield affair which takes place in London on May 27.

Parson Davies has \$500 on deposit to match Jimmy Barry against Kid Madden for \$2,500 a side and the bantamweight championship of the world. Barry is now at Aubrey Park where Tommy Ryan and Joe Chynowski are training.

The following cable was received by Richard K. Fox: At a meeting of the National Sporting Club the members refused to entertain Corbett's proposition, expressing indignation at his conduct. They insist upon an apology from him before giving his challenge to Jackson any consideration whatever.

"Kid" Lavigne and Jack Everhart were not long in making arrangements to fight. On Wednesday Lavigne decided not to meet Griffin on account of the unenviable notoriety which he recently acquired. He issued a challenge to the world at 135 pounds. On Thursday Everhart accepted, and the latter and Sam Fitzpatrick, representing Lavigne, met at the POLICE GAZETTE office and signed articles for a twenty-round contest, to take place at the Seaside Athletic Club, Coney Island, on May 30. They will fight at 135 pounds for a purse and a side bet of \$1,500.

## BEST BOXING GLOVES.

All the leading Athletic Clubs and professionals indorse the "Police Gazette" Boxing Gloves. Three grades—Amateur, Exhibition and Champion. They are the best and cheapest made.

## HORNPIPE A SURPRISE.

Won the Brooklyn Handicap in Keene's Famous Colors.

AN OUTSIDER'S BIG VICTORY.

The Talent Overcome by the Defeat of Ramapo and Dr. Rice.

TONY HAMILTON RODE THE WINNER.

[SUMMARY OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Strange to say, there were no cheers when Tony Hamilton, in the famous Keene colors, flashed past the finishing post on Hornpipe, winner of the Brooklyn Handicap of 1895. The onlookers were paralyzed with astonishment, as much as 50 to 1 had been laid by the bookmakers about his chances, and the number of people who flocked the one of Mr. Pickwick to win were so few in number that they couldn't get up a good-sized cheer. The race took place at Gravesend, Long Island, on the opening day of the Brooklyn Jockey Club meeting, and many hearts were sad when the little round son of Mr. Pickwick—Randy Dancer, with short, stiff gait, telling of heart palpitations—with staggering stride and flanks dripping with blood, passed the post half a length to the good, the horse of the hour. But in a stall at Brighton Beach that same night was a happy, tired out, who had earned well his ride. It was a game struggle, and a hard hot fight for the winner; but it was not a great race.

Hornpipe, the winner, was particularly friendly among the vast assemblage of racers congregated on every point of vantage where the race could be seen. Utterly discomfited save by a few, Hornpipe and his stable mate, Assignee, galloped to the post without a cheer of encouragement to greet him. Off at the rich galaxy of blue-blooded stock which lined up at the start his chance was considered the smallest.

A pigmy in size alongside of the giants jostled against him, Hornpipe looked mean and insignificant. Nature had not been lavish with him, and he showed low in stature, with a round barrel. He was in comparison a twig to a mighty oak. But what a tough heart was concealed beneath that slim coat!

It was a great day! Men from far and near, ladies both young and old and even babes in arms were present to assist in the racing drama. They were the mob, the horses the actors, and the bright little jockeys the hidden power that made or marred the scene. A great crowd was present, about 15,000 or 18,000, but the hurrah, the movement, the life, the dash, was missing. Why it is hard to tell, save that the gambling propensities of human nature had been stifled at a recent enactment of gambling laws, and the crowd who were on hand were not prepared to take things as they were.

With the departure of the open bookmaking many scenes of the old Handicap days were missing. The "Come on, boys!" of the bookmakers' voices was still and the hilarious "Oh, be joyful!" crowd, who usually make such a day of pleasure, was missing. These salient features, which have proven in the past to be entertaining features of the day's sport, were missing, and in their stead quietude reigned, with the crowd taking things philosophically.

In the ring the order of affairs from that of former years was materially changed. The pool boxes where the mutuels used to be sold were closed up, and the booths which formerly contained the gay bookmaker and his festive clerks were piled in one corner.

But the men who in former years laid the odds were not dead. They were very much in evidence. All of them, and not a few others who never were bookmakers, and never will be, but who were robbers pure and simple, selected places where they could easily be reached by whoever chose to make bets with them. They were soon surrounded by those desiring to back their choices, and ere long the remark, "I'll bet you," was heard on all sides.

The crowd took kindly to the new order of betting, and there was little or no trouble for all those who wished to back their choice to do so. Bets of large and small magnitude passed and repassed without the slightest difficulty or trouble. Squabbles were few and far between until after the running of the big race. Then things took a different turn.

Three or four men who had come down to the track with no other purpose but to take in as much money as they possibly could, took "French leave" and departed for scenes that were brighter and gayer. They had all they wanted, and stood not upon the order of their going, but "got." With them also went the money belonging to men whom they had robbed.

There was not an absentee when it became time for weighing out the jockeys, all twelve horses colored on the card going to the post. This, indeed, was a splendid showing, and proportionately the largest number of starters out of the entire received that this event has ever brought out. The postilion at the post from the rail out were as follows: Basettlaw, Ed Kearney, Declare, Roy El Santa Anita, Ramapo, Hornpipe, Dr. Rice, Lazzarone, Assignee, Rubicon, Counter Tenor and Sir Walter.

There was a flash of red as the starter's flag descended, followed immediately by the front flag. The hoarse cry: "They're off," arose again, and quicker than it takes to tell it the sixteen jockeys of the jockeys flashed around the curve, and came sweeping on like a red-tide wave to the grand stand, and the Brooklyn Handicap of 1895 was well on its way.

Dr. Rice, Ed Kearney, Ramapo and Rubicon were the leading quartet, with Assignee and Counter Tenor bringing up the rear.

This flash of speed shown by the starter's flag did not last long, and swinging into the homestretch the former was in difficulties. It was just before making the bend, and while Assignee was dropping back and Ramapo, Lazzarone, Counter Tenor and Hornpipe were in a bunch, that Ed Kearney, who was well up next to the rail, immediately in the rear of Assignee, was jostled.

He jumped on the heels of Assignee and, stumbling, threw Penn on to his neck. The stumble caused the stirrup webbing to break, and it was only by a miracle that Penn was saved from a nasty fall. He clung to the horse for a second, and soon after, recovering his equilibrium, rode the horse in flat. Meanwhile the field had swept on and a number of kaleidoscope changes in the colors took place. Lazzarone and Hornpipe began their runs at this point, and as the heavyweights had been made so much use of the first part of the race, their efforts were becoming feeble. Instead of struggling on with a dash and vim, their efforts were labored, and Lazzarone and Hornpipe, keeping up their steady stride, rapidly overhauled their feebler rivals. In the stretch, when straightened out, the real struggle began.

Dr. Rice was the first to crack, then Sir Walter, but the latter hung on gamely to the last sixteenth pole. Then he had to give way to Lazzarone and Hornpipe. These two then had a duel to the finish. With head low and going close to the ground, the little son of Pickwick gallantly struggled alongside of his giant rival, Lazzarone.

The "Black Prince" never once let up with whip or spur, and kept industriously "plugging" him with the cruel galls. True as steel and straight to the end Hornpipe ran, and with quivering nostrils, dilated pupils and ears lying flat on his head, Hornpipe dashed past the post a winner by half a length. Lazzarone was second, two lengths before Sir Walter, who was a length and a half before Counter Tenor.

The fractional times by quarters were: 0:25, 0:50, 1:17, 1:45, 2:11 1/2. It will be seen from this that the pace fell off considerably in the last part.

In the betting Ramapo and Dr. Rice were the choices. They fluctuated considerably throughout the betting. Dr. Rice eventually closing a slight favorite. Sir Walter and Roy El Santa Anita were in steady demand, and closed at four. The others were well played, both straight and place.

After the race, too late, of course, it was apparent to everybody

now why Hornpipe won, and the only cause of surprise was that his pre-eminence claim was not recognized before the race. A horse that as a two-year-old was in the front rank was plucked into the Handicap with 105 pounds, while horses of equal class were asked to concede him as much as twenty pounds. Handicapper Voeberg's defense is that the entire turf world held the same opinion of Hornpipe that he held, and even with 105 pounds up refused to back him.

There has been some ill-advised criticism of Griffin's ride on Ramapo. Those who recall his victories in the Metropolitan and Suburban last year will remember that he ran just as he did on May 15 in the earlier part of those races. In both events he kept second or third until the stretch was reached, when he drew away and won. The simple truth about Ramapo is that he was not equal to the task of carrying 137 pounds a mile and a quarter over a deep track and beating the field he had to meet in the Handicap. He is a good horse, but he has his limitations.

## GENERAL SPORTING NOTES.

McKee, the Eastern League pitcher, with the Baltimore, has taken to fast company like a duck to water. He has a good record up to date.

Manager Schmalz, of the Washington Club, has released Shortstop Nicholson, and the Detroit Club, of the Western League, at once signed him.

Batterworth, the crack full back for the Yale football team, is now pitching for the Yale baseball nine. He seems to be a great all-round athlete.

Philadelphia, New York, Pittsburg and Boston are the only four clubs left in the National League that will not play ball on Sundays.—Philadelphia Star.

Don't you want to know where all the big baseball clubs are playing? Send 3 cents to this office to cover the cost of postage, and receive by return mail the POLICE GAZETTE Baseball schedule.

Tommy Dixon, of Rochester, has signed articles to meet Oscar Gardner, the "Omaha Kid," to a finish for \$500 in Kansas City the latter part of this month. They will weigh in at 150 pounds.

Two cents forwarded to this office just to cover the cost of postage will get you a copy of the POLICE GAZETTE schedule containing the playing dates of all the big clubs in the National League.

Jim Hall is training at Coney Island for his fight with Joe Chynowski. Hall feels sure at the efforts of Parson Davies to match Chynowski against Steve O'Donnell before his fight with Hall takes place.

Even granting that the Phillies have as good a pitching staff as any other team, and such a statement would need a lot of salt to make it palatable, no one will deny that they are lamentably weak in team work.

Helon Danvray, the actress and former wife of John M. Ward, has failed in her court proceedings to compel the great player to pay a hotel bill of \$260.41, incurred by her at the Vendome. The case was dismissed.

There is no doubt that Ward's absence from the team makes a big hole in it. George Davis is a good lieutenant, but he is no general, as was Ward. The most noticeable thing that Davis did there was to draw a fine of \$50.

The New York Club is trying hard to secure Burkett, of the Cleveland. If the New Yorks get him they will have a real out-and-out. Burkett is one of the best men that ever played ball. He would fit nicely in a championship team.

Ed. E. Books, sporting editor of the "Washington Post," recently received the following telegram from his home in Oxford, Ohio: "Mother and son doing well," signed "Grandpa Books." This was an official notification to Editor Books that he had become a papa.

Princeton and Cornell football teams will play at Manhattan Field on Nov. 6 or 9, and even if there have been many difficulties with which football has had to contend during the past six months, there is every reason to believe that this coming season will be a very successful one.

George Sharrott, who formerly pitched for the Brooklyn Bridgegraves and New York Giants, is anxious to return to the diamond. He has been practicing of late, and says he is capable of pitching as well as he did in the days when he aided Nutrie's men to win championship laurels.

It is said that an effort is being made by Jim Kennedy, matchmaker of the Seaside Athletic Club, to match Frank Erbe, of Buffalo, and George Dixon for a twenty-five-round bout in the Seaside Athletic Club the latter part of next month. Erbe has accepted the offer, and Dixon will probably do so.

President Von der Ahe doesn't want much for Pitcher Brittenstein—only \$7,500. Chris doesn't seem to realize that the crop of suckers for the gold-bird game has grown very small. There is not a baseball magnate in the country that would give \$7,500 for a whole team, let alone a pitcher, and a left-handed pitcher at that.

A sensational scene was enacted in the big dining room of the Louisville Hotel, Louisville, Ky., on May 18. Big Jack Sullivan, Boston's star pitcher, and Tommy McCarthy, the hard-hitting centre fielder of the same club, had a fight while at supper and while the dining room of the hotel was crowded with guests, all of whom witnessed the disgraceful affair.

President Freedman will have a stock of distilled water awaiting the Glanis in every one of their Western stands. He ascribes the two deaths the Glanis sustained in Cincinnati to drinking Ohio River water. It isn't worse than an even money bet that there were some of the New York team who didn't taste water of any kind during their stay except "on the side."

It cost Latham \$25 to pick up his bat after he threw it down when Keefe called a strike on him last Wednesday. Much innocent, submissive Jim Stafford escaped a similar visitation by the closest kind of quick thinking. Keefe called him out at first when he was safe, and Jim yelled: "What!" Then, before Keefe could say "Twenty-five," Jim added: "A close call it was," and the game went on.

President Brush, of the Cincinnati Club, has decided to commence suit against the Pittsburg Club for the injury to Foreman, caused by a collision with Beckley. As Foreman will be laid up for some time, he thinks that he has a good case for damages for being deprived of Foreman's services. This is something new in baseball and the outcome of the case will be watched with interest. Mr. Brush means to put a stop to dirty ball playing.

Fanny Davenport and the Cincinnati are at odds. Several of her company saw the games last week free of charge, and when Latham and others asked for an exchange of courtesies they were refused. Saturday Miss Davenport invited the "Reds" to witness "Glamonde," but Manager Bancroft declined, in a card in a newspaper, to attend "for advertising purposes." Miss Davenport shied the ball into the field at the "Reds'" opening game.

Louis Cyr, the "Police Gazette" champion strong man, is now exhibiting in New Bedford, Mass. The Evening Journal of that place refers to him as follows: "There have been strong men almost without number whose feats of strength have been remarkable, but it has remained for Louis Cyr to capture the international trophy offered a year ago by Richard K. Fox, the well known New York publisher, and to astonish everybody who has witnessed his surprising exhibitions."

About two o'clock this afternoon a small, wiry man, accompanied by a handsome pointer dog, visited our office, says the Salisbury (N. C.) Herald of May 15. The man was Fred Miller, the long-distance walker, and his companion "Queen." Both were on a long tramp, having walked from New York to Jacksonville, Fla., and back to Salisbury on a \$5,000 wager. Mr. Miller is walking for the POLICE GAZETTE on a \$5,000 wager, and has the name of the paper in bold letters on his cap and on the front and back of his sweater. Miller is walking about twenty miles a day now.

## THE GIANT AMONG SPORTS!

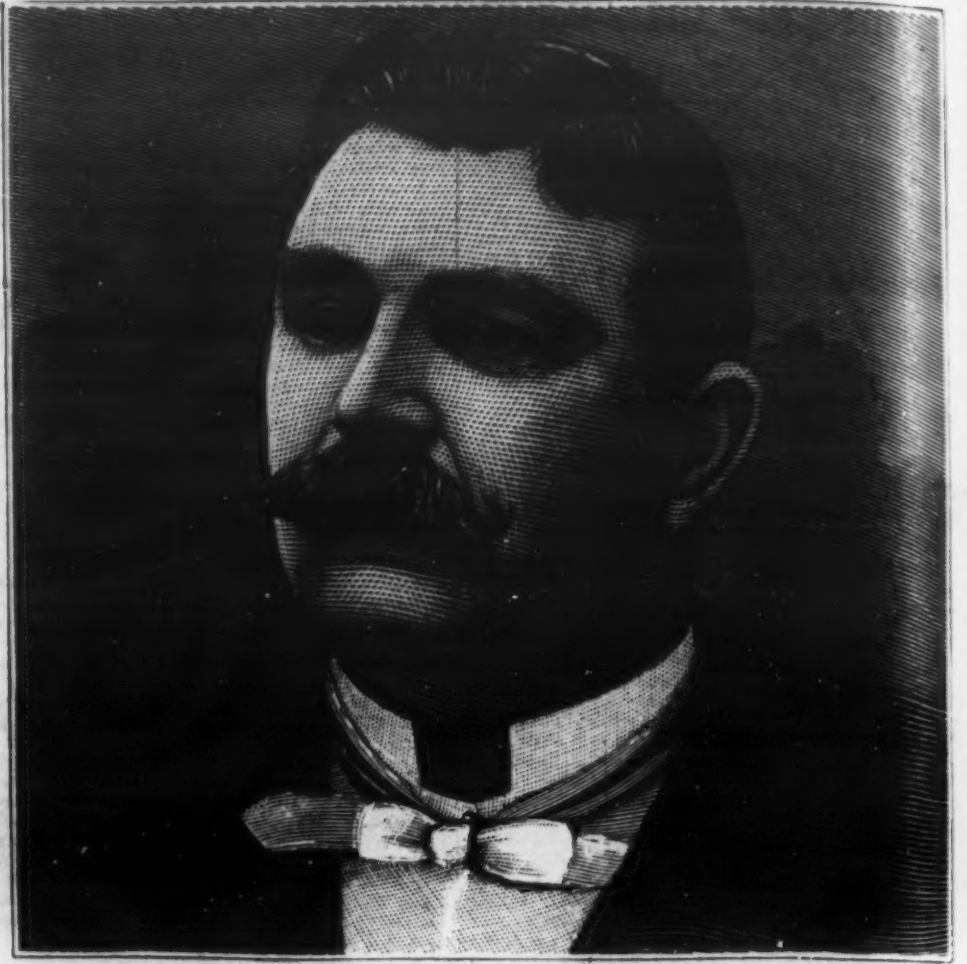
"The Police Gazette Standard Book of Rules," which governs sport in all its branches. A complete, reliable and authentic guide in settling disputes in any and all branches of sports. Every sporting man should have this book. Price by mail, 25 cents. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.





BATTLED WITH A SNAKE.

OLLIE HURST, A YOUNG WOMAN OF WINIFREDE, W. VA., HAS AN AWFUL EXPERIENCE WHILE ON THE MOUNTAIN SIDE.



RICHARD D. PLUNKETT.

OKLAHOMA'S MOST FAMOUS SPORTING MAN WHO TRIED TO HAVE BOXING LEGALIZED IN THE TERRITORY.



ALFRED F. MATHY.



ADOLPH ASCH.

TWO INDIANAPOLIS, IND., POLICE OFFICERS, FAMILIARLY KNOWN AS THE "FRENCH PARTNERS," WHO ARE CLEVER WORKERS.



BILLY GRATTON.

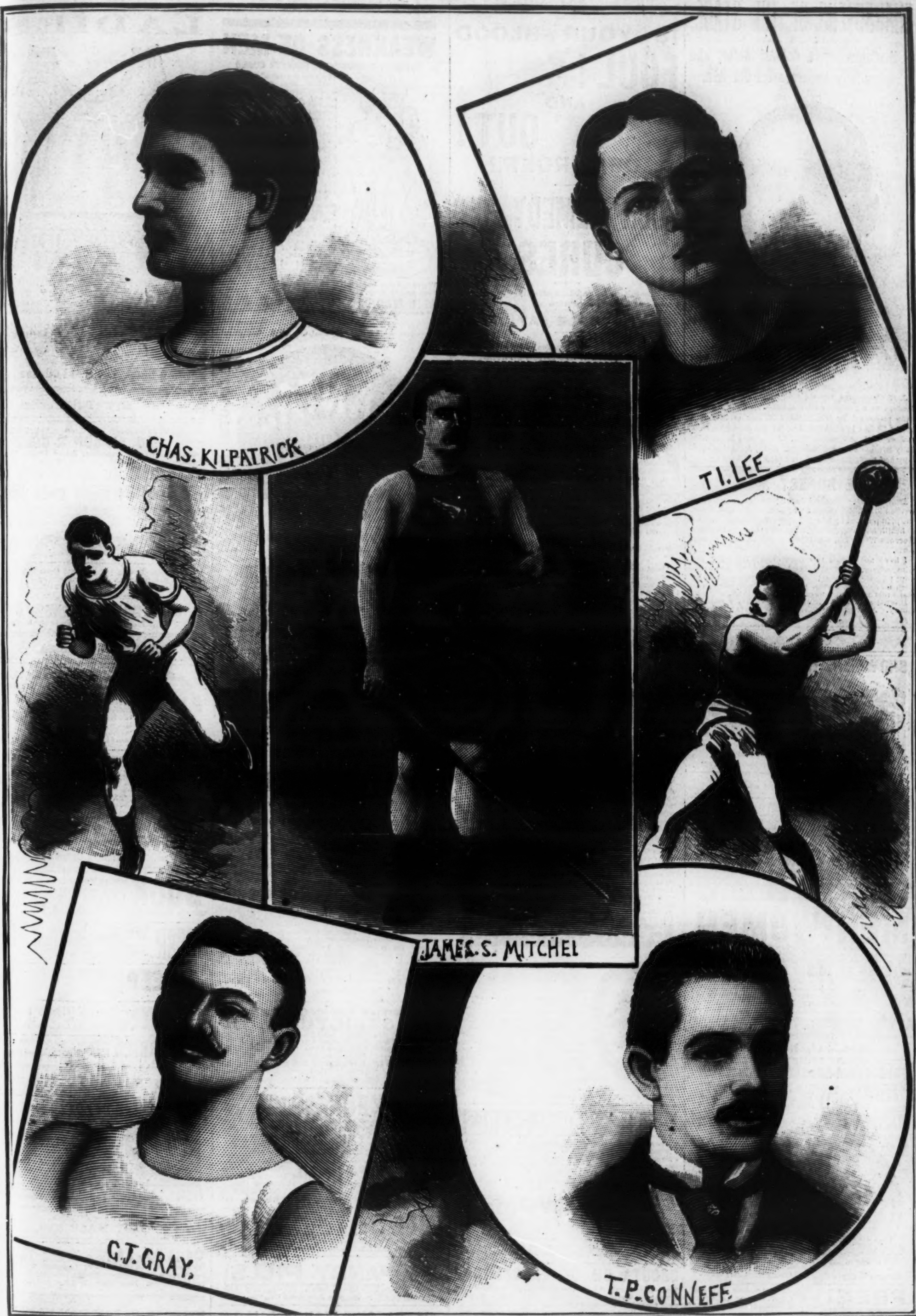
FAVORITE MINSTREL AND COLORED COMEDIAN WHO IS DELIGHTING SOUTHERN AUDIENCES.



SMOKED LIKE A MAN.

AN EXPONENT OF THE NEW WOMAN FAD ENTERS A SMOKING CAR ON THE BROOKLYN KINGS COUNTY ROAD AND ASKS FOR A LIGHT FOR HER CIGARETTE.





AMERICA'S FAMOUS CHAMPIONS.

PORTRAITS OF THE ATHLETES WHO WILL REPRESENT THE NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB IN THE FORTHCOMING INTERNATIONAL MEETING AGAINST THE BEST IN ALL ENGLAND.



## CHARACTERS OF THE STAGE.

J. H. Cummings, a Colored Actor, who Successfully Impersonates Old Men.



J. H. Cummings, besides being an actor of no little merit, was the winner of a handsome silver-mounted cane presented by Mr. Richard K. Fox on March 5 at the Casino, in St. Augustine, for the champion cake walker of St. Augustine, Fla. At present he is with Billy Gratton's colored minstrel show, doing his specialty and buck dancing, which makes a decided hit.

### ONE HONEST MAN.

Dear Editor: Please inform your readers that I written to confidentially, I will mail, in a sealed letter, the plan pursued by which I was permanently restored to health and manly vigor, after years of suffering from Nervous Weakness, night losses and weak, shrunken parts.

I have no scheme to extort money from any one-whomsoever. I was robbed and swindled by the quacks until I nearly lost faith in mankind, but, thank Heaven, I am now well, vigorous and strong, and anxious to make this certain means of cure known to all.

Having nothing to sell or send C. O. D., I want no money. Address  
JAS. A. HARRIS,  
Box 80, Delray, Mich.

### ORGANS.

### SHOWMEN. SALOONKEEPERS.

### LOOK HERE. ORGANS!

Will increase your trade.  
FRATI & CO.'S  
Are the best. Get them from  
AUGUST FOLLMANN,  
70-72 Franklin St., New York City.

### AGENTS WANTED.

**AGENTS \$75 A WEEK**  
AT HOME,  
using or selling **PRACTICAL**  
**PLATING DYNAMO**. The most  
effective method, used in all factories  
to plate new goods. Plates gold,  
silver, nickel, etc. on watches,  
jewelry, tableware, bicycles and  
all metal goods; fine outfit for  
agents; different sizes; always  
ready; no battery; no toy; no  
experience; no limit to plating  
needed; a great money maker.  
W. P. HARRISON & CO., Clerk No. 18, Columbus, Ohio.

### MEN & WOMEN

Taught to make Crayon Portraits in spare hours at  
their homes by a new, copyrighted method. Those learn-  
ing by method will be furnished work by mail, by which  
they can **EARN \$8 TO \$16 A WEEK**. Particulars  
M. A. GRIFF, German Artist, Tyrone, Pa.

**AGENTS WANTED**—Electric belts and batteries for dis-  
eases. H. C. WAGNER, Dore Street, Cleveland, O.

**AGENTS WANTED**. One earned \$4,000; many  
over \$1,000, in 1893. P. O. 1371, New York.

### SPECIAL NOTICES.

### FREE, A Gold-filled Elgin Style Watch

**HUNTING**  
**CASE,**  
Wind  
and  
Steel  
Set.  
Ladies' or  
Gents' Size.



And a Smith & Wesson Car-  
tridge Revolver. If you order  
out this ad., send us your full  
name and address. We then will  
send you by express, **FREE**, a  
**\$2.75 100 Shot 12 Gauge**  
**PERFECT GUN**, and in every  
package, **FREE**, one Watch, Ladies'  
or Gents' size, with a 20 year  
guarantee. **REMEMBER**, we  
send 100 straight 10 cent G-  
uns, one beautifully engraved  
Hunting Case Watch and one  
Revolver, in one package, as  
described, **C.O.D. \$6.75**  
for all. Upon examination,  
if you don't think the outfit worth  
four times our price don't pay.  
This offer is for a short time  
only, and is made with a view  
of introducing our Guns and  
obtaining good live agents. In-  
stead of Revolver you can have  
a pair Opera Glasses or a one Sil-  
verware containing 5 Knives &  
Forks, guaranteed by **BRILLIANT**  
SILVER CO. Address Dept. J. G.,  
Riverside Cigar Co., 173 Greenwich St., N. Y.

**FREE!** Self Abuse, Emissions, Nervous  
Debility, Lost Manhood, Shrunken  
Parts, Varicocele, etc., quick-  
ly cured. Recipe sent **FREE**. Address  
G. B. WRIGHT, Box 3265, Marshall, Mich.

A VERY useful invention for Man or Woman.  
Sample sent (sealed) 25 cents. Two for 40 cents.  
RUBBER SPECIALTY CO., (Box A), Oswego, N. Y.

**SENTS ONLY**—Circular of Books, Cards and Rub-  
bers; two stamps. W. SCOTT, 21 Ann Street, N. Y.

**"DIAMONDS"** for all. Only 5 cts.; send quick.  
Empire Co., 67 W. 28th, N. Y.

### PROPRIETARY ARTICLES.

## IS YOUR BLOOD FOUL! AND OUT! OF ORDER? COOK REMEDY CO. CURES.

We ask you to read carefully our adver-  
tisement below, and also

### WHAT PEOPLE SAY OF US.

The following letters are samples of letters we are re-  
ceiving by every mail from all parts of the world:  
Far Ahead of His Most Sanguine Expec-  
tations.

SAFETY HARBOR, Fla., May 8, 1894.  
This is the end of my third week in taking your treat-  
ment, and I must say that so far all is as well as you re-  
presented, and far ahead of the most sanguine expec-  
tations. I almost feel I am well of it. Every day brings  
about such wonderful changes, and every day seems  
like the dawn of light in a new world to me. I daily  
pray for God's blessing to rest on the Cook Remedy Co.,  
and I feel certain that your remedy is the cause of the  
great improvement made in me in the short space of  
three weeks last night since I began your treatment. I  
have a fearful appetite, and nearly everything I eat  
agrees with me, and my bowels, that gave me so much  
trouble before I began treatment, never were better than  
they are now. To coincide, I must say that the word  
"Magic" never met its full meaning until it was applied  
to the Cook Remedy Co. I pray that God's blessing  
will rest on the wonder remedy, and with kind regards  
and best wishes, I am.

### Feels Better Than He Has for Six Years.

DETROIT, Mich., Dec. 29, 1894.  
About one month ago I finished taking the course of  
treatment that you sent me, and I must confess that I  
am feeling far better than I have in six years, that being  
the length of time that I have had the disease, and I must  
say to you that I am beginning to have confidence in your  
treatment. You instructed me to report to you two  
weeks after finishing the last course, but I improved so  
fast that I thought it no harm to wait two or three  
weeks longer.

### Blesses the Day He Heard of Magic Cyphils.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., April 15, 1894.  
Your remedy was duly received, but neglected writing  
before to see what effect the same would have, and am  
at last much gratified to state that I now have complete  
faith in it, for I can see very marked signs of improve-  
ment, and I certainly have reason to bless the day that  
I first heard of your Magic Remedy.

### COOK REMEDY CO.

**SYPHILIS!** Primary, Secondary or  
Tertiary Syphilis perma-  
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Claudie Revere—tights  
Lily Harold—tights & bust  
Rose Oughlan—bust  
Mary Anderson—costume & bust  
Sarah Bernhardt—costume  
Stella Bard—tights  
Estelle Clayton—costume  
Fannie Rice—tights  
Sylvia Gerrish—tights  
Fay Templeton—tights  
Sylvia Gray—tights  
Isabella Uguhart—costume  
Verona Jarbeau—costume  
Clara Qualitis—tights  
Mabel Guyer—tights  
Lottie Gilson—tights  
May Howard—tights  
Marie Tempest—costume  
Lillie Linde—tights  
Fanny Davenport—bust  
Pauline Marshall—tights  
Marion Manola—tights  
Mrs. Langtry—costume  
Pauline Hall—bust  
Mlle. Fougere—costume  
Jennie Joyce—tights and cost  
Carmenita—costume  
Mollie Fuller—cost and tights  
Paul—bust  
Cora Tanner—bust  
Marie Jansen—costume  
Fanny Ward—tights  
Lydia Thompson—tights  
Eva Stetson—tights  
Otero—costume  
Louise Montague—tights  
Ada Rehan—bust  
Cad Wilson—tights  
Levy Sisters—tights  
Mrs. Brown Potter—cost & bust  
Yolande Wallace—tights & cost  
Loie Fuller—costume  
Mlle. Almes—bust  
Mrs. Bernsteins—bust  
Maggie Cline—bust  
Maggie Duggan—tights  
Mlle. Ella—tights  
Nellie Fox—tights  
Mlle. Germaine—tights  
Agnes Hewitt—tights  
Isabella Irvine—costume  
Ellie Jeffreys—bust  
Sadie Kirby—tights  
Madge Leasing—costume  
Modjeska—costume  
Jennie McNulty—tights & bust  
Rose Newman—cost & bust  
Elen Pasmore—tights  
Lissie Raymond—tights  
Ida Siddons—bust  
Florence Thorpe—tights  
Kate Uart—tights  
Irene Verona—tights  
Blanche Walsh—costume  
Yucca—tights  
Washburn Sisters—tights  
Carrie Andrews—tights  
Maud Boyd—bust  
Corinne—tights and bust  
Hattie Delano—tights  
Maud Evans—costume  
Lillie Forest—tights  
Maud Granger—costume  
Pollie Holmes—tights  
May Jordan—costume  
Koko—costume  
Lettie Lind—costume  
Loie—costume  
Ella Moore—tights  
Mlle. Nita—tights  
Minnie Palmer—costume  
Babette Rodney—tights  
Selbina Sisters—tights  
Clara Terry—costume  
Gerardine Umar—bust  
Mim Valois—tights  
Carrie Wilson—tights  
Mlle. Zittella—tights  
Maggie Arlington—costume  
Brandon Sisters—costume  
Edith Craike—tights  
Mlle. De Gaby—tights  
Lily Elton—costume and tights  
Edith Lane Fox—bust  
Agnes Gross—tights

Rose Hamilton—tights  
Virgie Jackson—tights  
Fannie Lewis—tights  
Clara Morris—bust  
Jackie Payton—tights  
Louise Rice—tights  
Miss Spiller—tights  
Cora Thinks—bust and costume  
Harriet Vernon—bust and tights



Miss Webster—bust and tights  
Bessie Bolt—costume  
Mlle. Delbernard—tights  
Billie Barlow—tights  
Mollie Howard—tights  
Frankie Haines—tights  
Mlle. Mainard—bust  
Ada Reeves—costume  
Geraldine Maur—tights  
Clara St. Maur—tights  
Nellie Walters—tights  
Mlle. Marguerite—bust  
Amy Wells—tights  
Carrie Wallace—tights  
Ida Heath—tights  
Miss Hooten—tights  
Morence Beresford—tights  
Mlle. Angnez—costume  
Mlle. Bertrudh—costume  
Kate Claxton—costume  
Mlle. Price Dow—costume  
Florence Chester—tights  
Nellie Desmond—tights  
Lucy Evans—tights  
Mlle. Florentine—tights  
Mrs. Geo. Frey—tights  
Miss Harold—costume  
Pauline Howard—tights  
Rose Julian—tights  
Addie Lamont—tights  
Maggie Mayhew—tights  
Signorina Loguani—costume  
Florence Mario—costume  
Marcia Putnam—tights  
Miss Rayner—costume  
Emily Soldene—tights  
Queenie Townbridge—tights  
Mlle. Vatti—tights  
Emma Ward—tights  
Jennie Calif—tights  
Miss Bell—tights  
Mrs. Leslie Carter—costume  
Helen Courtland—tights  
Carrie Deane—tights  
Mrs. Fisherbert—costume  
Helen Gilmore—tights  
Jenna Hatcher—tights  
Miss Joseph—tights  
Mabel Love—bust  
Mlle. Myrme—tights  
Louise Llewellyn—tights  
Carrie Perkins—tights  
Miss Robinson—tights  
Sadie Stephens—tights  
Vesta Tilley—tights  
Kate Vaughan—costume  
Lillie Welch—tights  
Ada Webb—tights  
Alice Anderson—costume  
Ida Bell—tights  
Nita Cole—costume  
Mlle. De Croux—tights  
Frances Everett—tights  
Della Ferrell—costume  
Marion Giraux—tights  
Mrs. Hamer—bust  
Marie Louise—tights  
Ethel Mathews—bust  
Adele Purvis—tights  
Cicely Richards—costume  
Jeanne Ricker—tights  
Mlle. Sorrel—bust and tights

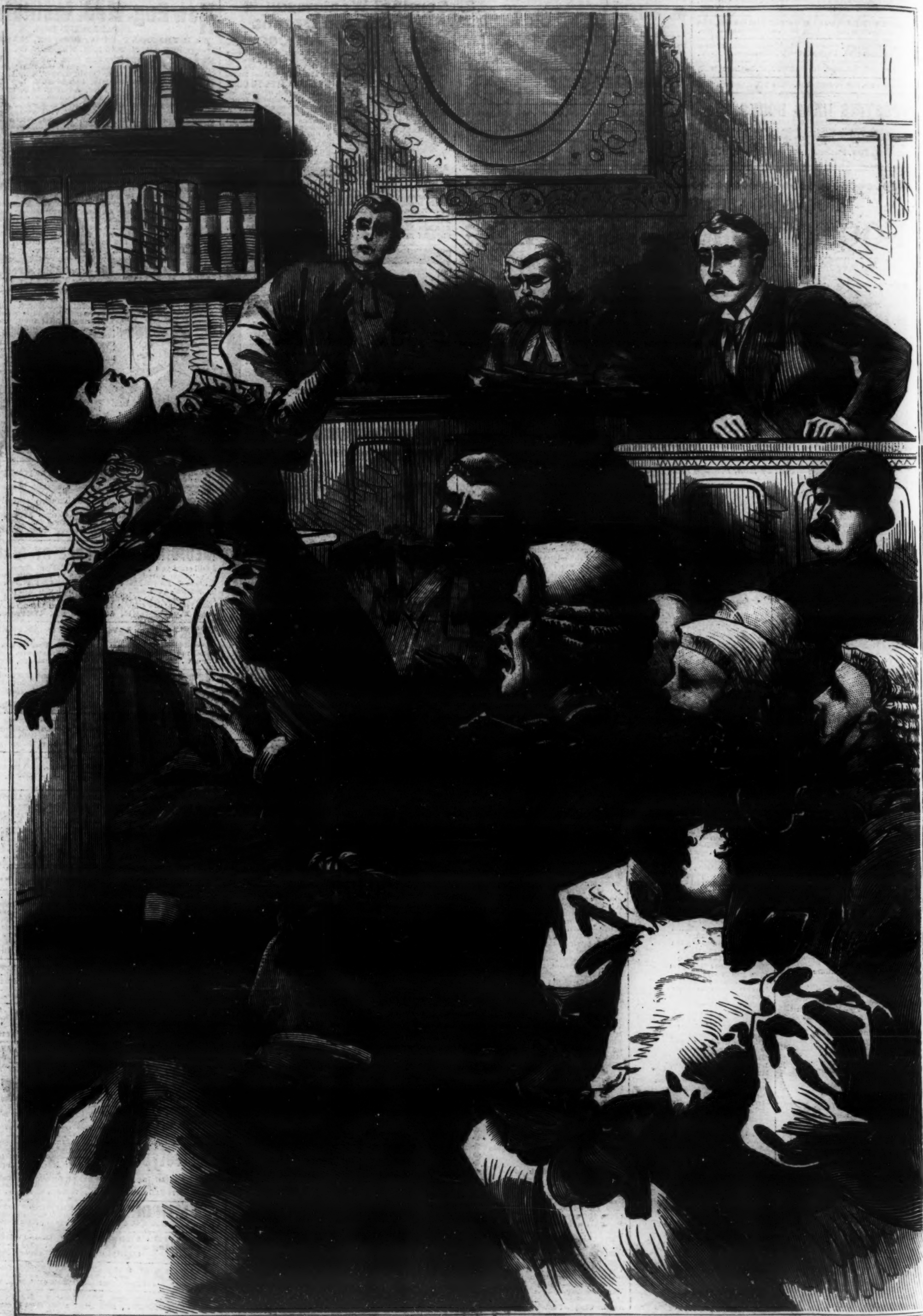
Jessie Thompson—tights  
Miss Van Osten—tights  
Kitty Wells—tights  
Miss Westlake—bust  
Edna Vidocq—tights  
Maud Tempest—costume  
Marie Scherer—tights  
Miss Ruggles—costume  
Lillie Price—bust and costume  
Jennie Moore—tights  
Mlle. Loyal—tights  
Miss Johnson—tights  
Grace Huntley—tights  
Amelia Glover—costume  
Mlle. Farette—tights  
Mlle. Elvines—costume  
Mlle. De Courty—tights  
Mlle. D'Alencou—tights and bust  
Eddie Clinton—tights  
Florence Baker—tights  
Nettie Abbott—costume  
Lilly Burnard—tights  
Addie Conyers—tights  
Mlle. Dupont—tights  
Theresa Ponca—tights  
Mlle. Gaegeer—tights and bust  
Sarah Holmes—bust  
Ollie Dewis—tights  
Anna Mantell—tights  
Jessie Phillips—costume  
Gertrude Reynolds—costume  
Florence St. John—costume  
Eunice Vance—tights  
Maud Waldemere—tights  
Fannie Wentworth—tights  
Nellie Stratton—tights  
Mabel Ranne—tights  
Mlle. Prince—bust  
Miss Miller—tights  
Mlle. Louison—tights  
Lotta Holliwood—costume  
Jennie Gravin—tights  
Mlle. Tormille—bust  
Zella De Lume—costume  
Nellie Clarke—costume  
Genevieve Brett—tights  
Julia Calhoun—tights  
Mlle. Deane—tights  
Nellie Farren—tights  
Maggie Garrett—costume  
Daisy Hurdis—tights  
Katie J. Tour—tights  
Mary Moore—costume  
Annetta Philippi—tights  
Lillie Richardson—tights  
Annie Sutherland—tights  
Edith Wright—tights  
Ada Ward—tights  
Lily Sedgwick—tights  
Jessie West—tights  
Maggie Mitchell—bust  
Mlle. Lefevre—bust  
Nellie Handley—tights  
Elsie Gray—tights  
Mlle. De Grand—costume  
Viola Clinton—tights  
Mlle. Brinteau—bust  
Jennie Winston—costume  
Mlle. Sarena—tights  
Violet Macsotte—costume  
Mlle. Lecuyer—costume  
Florence Hawthorne—tights  
La Belle Geraldine—tights  
Mlle. Dellanne—tights  
Mlle. Caseneuve—tights  
Annie Bennett—tights  
Julia Wilson—costume  
Crispie Sheridan—tights  
Marie Leyton—costume  
Josie Hall—costume  
Alice Greenway—tights  
Mlle. De Prades—tights  
May Clinton—tights  
Amorita Bonifelli—costume  
Maud Wilnot—costume  
Madeline Shirley—cos. and tights  
Georgie Lake—costume  
Marie Halton—costume  
Mlle. Gorone—costume  
Jessie Dene—tights  
Countess Clancarty—costume  
Louisa Biles—tights  
Grace Wallace—tights  
Mlle. Lanteime—tights  
Lillian Harper—costume  
Jeanne Granier—bust  
Helen Danvray—costume  
Violet Cameron—bust  
Flo Bilton—costume  
Mlle. Lulu—costume  
Carrie Hawks—tights  
Theodora Gillett—tights  
Leo Campbell—costume  
Mlle. Bouliari—tights  
Marie Conway—tights  
May Laurence—tights  
Attalie Claire—bust

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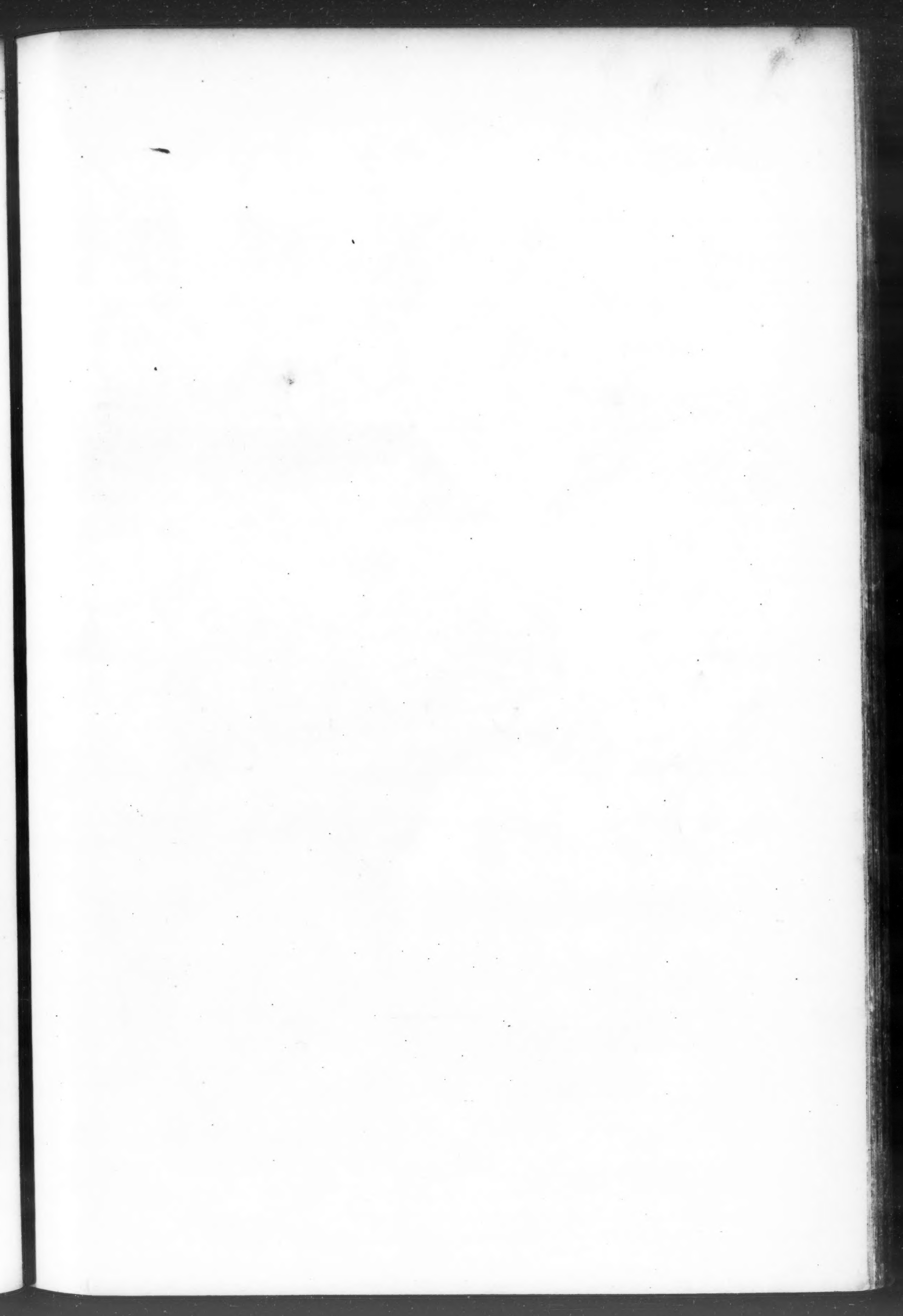




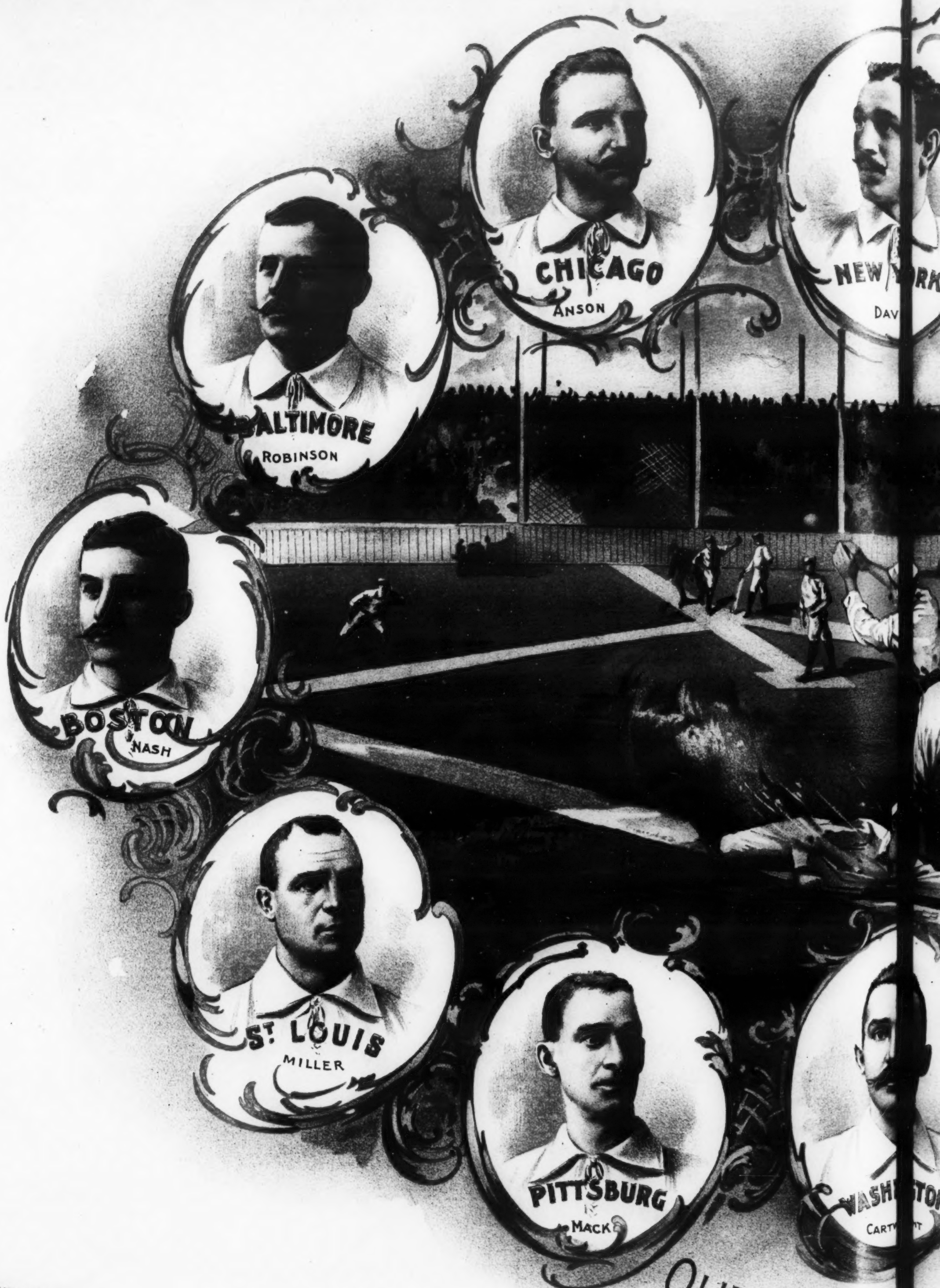
### FAINTED IN THE COURT ROOM.

MRS. HARRY HYAMS, TESTIFYING AGAINST HER HUSBAND, WHO IS ACCUSED OF MURDER, BEFORE A TORONTO, ONTARIO, COURT, FALLS SENSELESS FROM THE WITNESS BOX.









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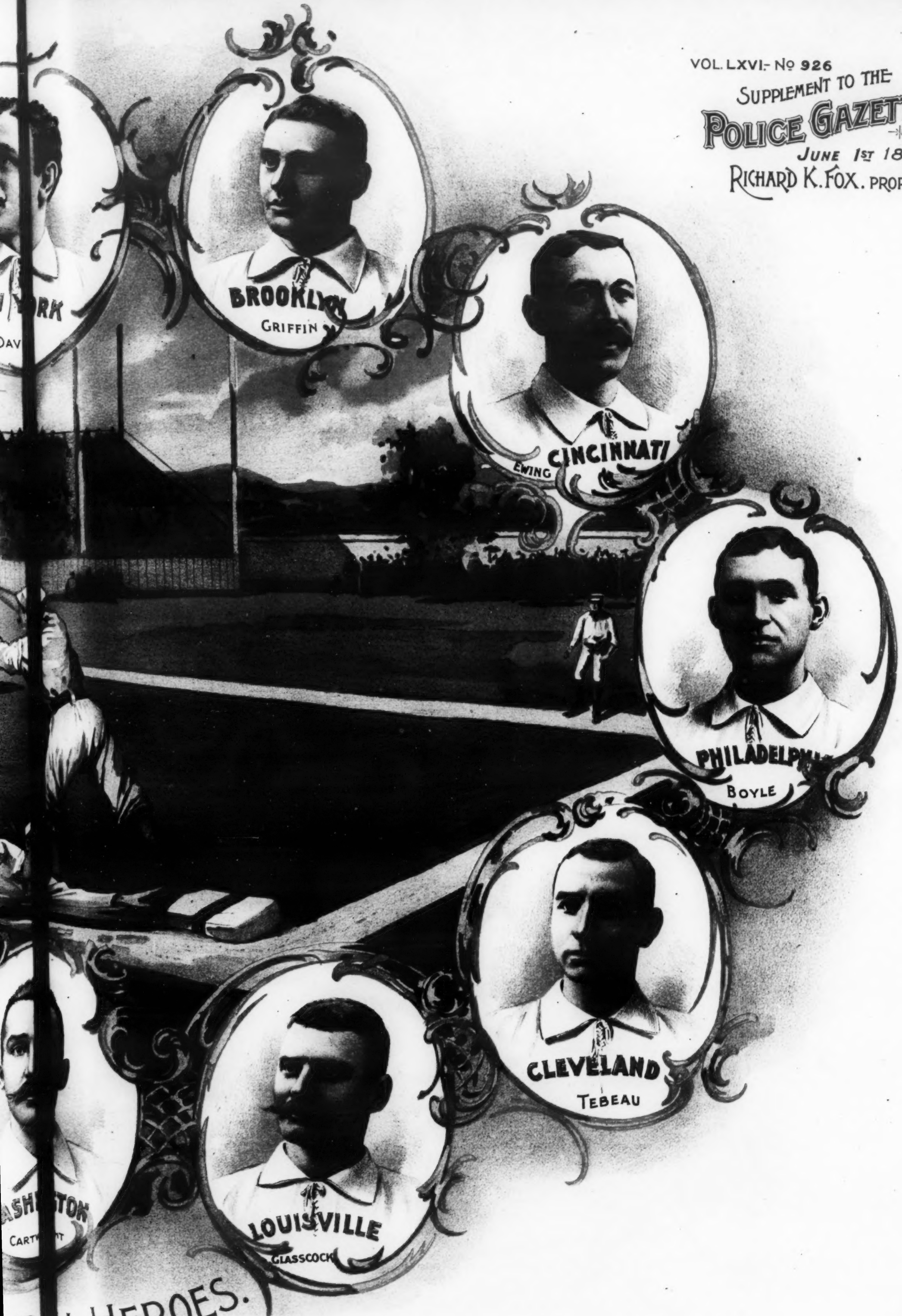


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JUNE 1st 1895.

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BASEBALL HEROES.

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